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CARTOONS

By

BRADLEY

CARTOONIST for
THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

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CARTOONS BY BRADLEY

BRADLEY

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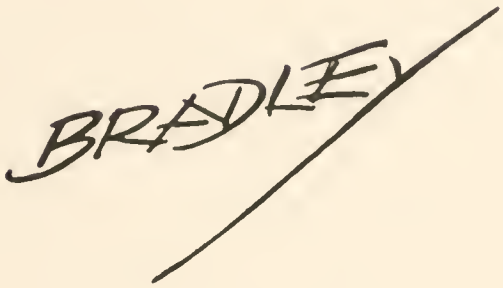

Cartoonist of

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
AND AN APPRECIATION

CHICAGO
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
1917

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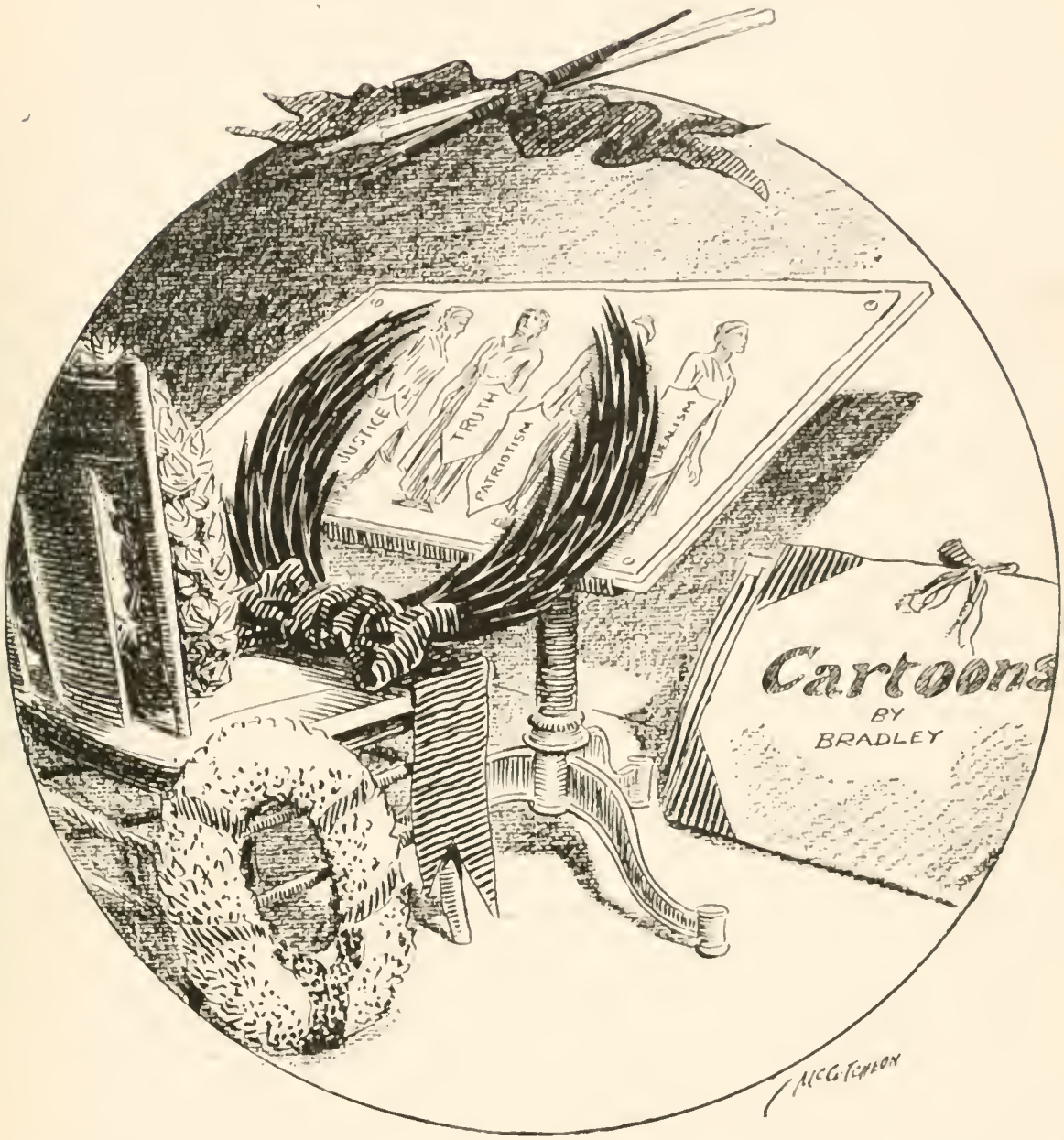


THIS picture, drawn by John T. McCutcheon, the noted cartoonist for *The Chicago Tribune*, was published in that newspaper January 11, 1917, the day of Luther D. Bradley's funeral. The tribute was characteristic of Mr. McCutcheon's sincerity in his friendships. Equally sincere was his spoken comment at the time of Mr. Bradley's death: "He was great all the time . . . not just now and then."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

LUTHER DANIELS BRADLEY, whose cartoons commanded admiration everywhere, was never personally conspicuous. He did not make speeches, or sit on platforms, or seek office. His very portrait was almost unknown. In an age when publicity comes easily to less eminent men, when, indeed, popular persons are so much written about that their work is less known than their way of working, Luther Bradley managed to live unobtrusively. Yet he had friends, thousands of friends who never saw him, but who felt that in his cartoons he spoke directly to them. They wrote to him, not as "Dear sir," but as "Dear Mr. Bradley." In the scrapbooks wherein he methodically pasted every cartoon he had published for the last seventeen years, he laid away scores of these letters, some from people of note, the majority from that vast body of "plain citizens" he loved to serve. They said in these letters he had "helped" them. They asked his advice. Mothers poured out to him their thoughts. Little boys sent drawings painfully copying his style. He laid all these tenderly away where he could see them again. They were his banquets.

Now that he is dead it seems only fair to his public to tell something about how he lived, and what kind of man he was. A representative collection of his cartoons, such as this volume is intended to present, would be incomplete without the story of himself. It is a simple story, for his adventures were mainly of the intellect; but it has qualities arising from the fact that he was so sterling a man, and so patriotic an American.

THE story of Luther D. Bradley does not really begin with the date of his birth (September 29, 1853) but with the year 1857, when his parents embarked on the great adventure of moving to the "far West" — Illinois. They lived in New Haven, Connecticut, where they were highly regarded both for their own sakes and because of their ancestry. The father, Francis Bradley, was the grandson of Col. Philip Burr Bradley, who received

from George Washington himself a commission as marshal of the State of Connecticut. The mother, Sarah Ruggles Bradley, came of a Vermont family similar in patriotic tradition. In New Haven Francis Bradley held the double position of cashier of the City Bank and instructor in astronomy in Yale College, whence his father had been graduated in 1800. Passing his days in the bank, and his evenings in gratifying his love for science, Francis Bradley set his son a high example of industry.

The Bradleys had heard of Chicago, Illinois, as a city of promise, a vigorous and growing community of more than 80,000. A brother of Francis (William H. Bradley, afterwards for many years clerk of the Federal courts in Chicago) was living there, and was enthusiastic about the West. So Francis and Sarah Bradley left New Haven forever, and with their son and two daughters entered the company of "early Chicagoans," whose memories are of a courthouse square across which people walked to work; of farmers' wagons standing at State and Washington streets; of sidewalks on stilts; of "Long John" Wentworth and Stephen A. Douglas; of wooded places now known as Hyde Park and the "north shore." In this chaotic but virile community the Bradleys made a new home.

In that same year, 1857, Lyman Baird, another New Haven man whose ambitions led him westward, became a citizen of Chicago, and a year later went into partnership with L. D. Olmstead, who in 1855 had established a real estate business. Mr. Olmstead died in 1862, whereupon Mr. Baird persuaded Francis Bradley — then auditor of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad — to enter partnership with him. Thus began a business relationship, and a friendship, that was to continue for many years, and was to establish in Chicago's shifting soil one of its permanent things: the successful real estate firm now known as Baird and Warner. One would like to dwell upon the struggles and triumphs of that pair of pioneers whose names were so long linked as "Baird and Bradley, Real Estate," to tell how they breasted calamities like the civil war and the "great fire of '71." But this is not their story. And Luther Bradley's destiny, after a few years

As a Boy with His Sister Eleanor

As a "College Man," 1875

At Home in Wilmette, 1914

In His Office, as Cartoonist for "Melbourne Punch"

In Evanston, 1899, with Children of a Sister

when it seemed about to be bound up with that business enterprise, branched away.

AFTER a few years of residence in the city, Francis Bradley took his family to a new house in Evanston. It stood on a lot of nearly half a block frontage in Hinman Avenue south of Church Street. A fascinating lot this was, shaded by Evanston's eternal oaks; full of sweet odors and singing birds. There was country all about, woodland and meadow, and to the east, almost, it seemed, at the edge of the Bradley property, the lake shimmered beyond the trees.

One hears of Luther Bradley growing up in Evanston, a boy with brown wavy hair and dancing brown eyes, who shot up presently to an astonishing height, and who had just the best time a boy can have. His father encouraged him to be athletic, and to make things, and to be a manly fellow. That was a father worth having: one who could beat the fellows jumping, and who could do nice carpentry work, and who kept a little astronomical observatory in the back yard, with a real telescope. Luther Bradley became a very strong-and masculine youngster, quite untamed by the fact that he had a houseful of sisters. He had at first three of these — Sarah Elizabeth and Eleanor, born in New Haven, and Louise Ruggles, born in Chicago. But before long he had another sister, Bessie, and still another, whom they named Mary Frances. Next came a brother, Francis, who died at a comparatively early age, and lastly Jessie, who was his "little sister" as long as he lived. Six sisters to admire him, to pull his hair, to criticize his neckties. And besides, in their abounding love for children, the Bradleys adopted the daughter of a relative, who made really a seventh sister, as dearly loved as any.

It is not hard to believe that the house was full of laughter, of April showers, and of quaint ambitions. But it was also full of Luther's boy friends, and his playthings, and their playthings; and there were always his dogs, and theirs, trooping through. Luther loved his sisters, but neither he nor his pursuits were dominated by them. He had his own especial

pleasures, such as pigeon-shooting south of Evanston, in regions now covered by apartment buildings and business blocks, or exploring wild places west of the Skokie, or driving old Frank, the family's amiable white horse, through the Wilmette forests. Better yet, he loved to sprawl in the sand and listen to the yarns of the Evanston life-saving crew. Capt. Lawson, for so many years in charge of the station, took a fancy to Luther Bradley, and taught him how to sail a catboat. He taught him, too, to delight in a keen wind casting spray in one's face, while one shoots over whitecaps toward a misty horizon. And not only then, but always, Luther Bradley loved battles of that kind; loved the water, and its hardships and its romance.

Sometime in this period of growing up, perhaps on winter evenings when the lake was frozen, and the woods impassable, Luther developed a knack of drawing pictures. It was more knack than genius, and it made him when quite small the especial, exclusive artist for the Misses Bradley; but that is all. His father looked benevolently upon art as a pastime, but he did not encourage it as a serious matter. Luther had a few drawing lessons before the family moved to Evanston, taking them of a north side lady. They were the kind of lessons during which one works at a lop-sided peach, or a tortured hand. Afterward he had no art instruction whatever.

He was just a gay, clear-eyed youth, full of pranks, who might be anything when he grew up, but who it was hoped would be a real estate man.

As one old friend put it the other day, "Luther Bradley always seemed too much of a kid ever to be famous, to have a career."

But perhaps it was even because he was so much of a kid, a happy boy his whole life long, that he achieved a career — yes, and fame.

AFTER preparation at Lake Forest Academy, and some study at Northwestern University, Luther Bradley was enrolled at Yale College in the class of '77. It was expected he would go through to graduation, and thus form one more of the famous line of "Yale Bradleys." His experience

there, however, was not quite what was anticipated. He seems to have had two sides: one a romping side, which led him into pranks of the purely fun-making sort; and the other a graver tendency, under the spell of which he wrote verses for the college literary magazine. Incidents growing out of both these moods are told. They foreshadowed the man very distinctly.

First, he was suspended for hazing. Nothing very unusual, then or now. The notable thing in Luther Bradley's case was that he was not concerned in the particular scrape for which they sent him home. He had, however, been concerned in several hazings of earlier date, and had not been found out. When he was summoned for this new exploit, he considered that "in spirit," — since he had been a hazer before — he was guilty this time. And he accepted sentence. But the faculty made his sentence light, and he was permitted to return.

The other incident came of his verse-writing. He had contributed to "Yale Lit" a poem, signed only by his initials, which, after a great deal of revision, he decided to try on a "regular magazine." He sent it to the New York *Independent*, with the stipulation, quite characteristic of his lifelong modesty, that his full name must not be used. This put him at a deadlock with the *Independent*, whose editor, Dr. William Hayes Ward, was willing to use the verses, but insisted in all cases upon using the complete and genuine name of contributors. There could be no compromise with Luther Bradley. He took back his poem, and gave up for the time his dawning "literary career." Later *Frank Leslie's Monthly* printed the verses, signed by initials only (see page 27 of this volume).

He took a literary prize, instead of the scientific honors expected of him. Instead of decorating New Haven with comic pictures, he joined the glee club. The one thing in which he seemed consistent with his boyhood was that he "made" the freshman crew. And then, in 1875, his father became anxious to bring him at once into the business, and sent for him to come home. He came, bringing with him, as old companions remember, the big oar he had used with the crew. And almost immediately he had to lay

aside the big oar, with other trophies of boyhood, and go into the office.

This was a tremendous change from the freedom of life in Evanston, and the comparative freedom of the campus. This was being at the command of somebody eight or nine hours a day, and having intricate new tasks to learn. This was work. And, whether he liked it or not, Luther Bradley worked. It is possible he did not like the real estate business; perhaps visions of sailboats or even drawing lessons floated before him, but he put these things aside, in business hours, and crooked his tall young form over ledgers. At first he was conveyancer, and afterward, when he had proved his worth, cashier. Always from youth to maturity he did with all his might whatever lay before him. So he was a diligent conveyancer and a scrupulous cashier. From an outdoor boy he had turned into an "inside man."

A little later Wyllys W. Baird, eldest son of the senior partner, came into the office to "work up." The Baird and Bradley families knew each other well, of course, and Wyllys Baird, though younger than Luther, was more than a mere office acquaintance for him. Mr. Baird is one of those who testifies to the fidelity with which the future cartoonist did routine work. He learned then much of the clean-cut efficiency, the determination to finish what was begun, that he practiced later, and that he demanded from others. Nevertheless, whenever he could he went in for athletics, for hard physical tests. Wyllys Baird recalls vividly a day when Luther Bradley challenged him to walk from the north end of the La Salle Street tunnel to Evanston. They did it that afternoon by dinner time. Thirty years later the same Luther, again with a dauntless companion, rowed a boat from the mouth of the river to Wilmette without dropping oars. He enjoyed such feats at fifty as much as he did at twenty.

WYLLYS BAIRD pushed on with the firm, and became at length its senior partner, as he now is. But Luther Bradley, after seven years, dropped out. His health had suffered somewhat from loyalty to those

ledgers; and it may have come to him suddenly that he had other work to do. At all events he left the real estate business as completely and energetically as he had entered it. He had gone as far as he could toward being a logical, traditional Bradley. Now he was going to be a Bradley of his own creation.

It was the sea that called him, among various thrilling summonses from the outside world. Not as a profession, though that may have suggested itself, too. But, somehow, the sea—

> And the sea's colors up and down the world,
> And how a storm looks when the sprays are hurled
> High as the yard . . .
> And all the glittering from the sunset's red,
> And the milky colors where the bursts have been,
> And then the clipper striding like a queen
> Over it all, all beauty to the crown."
>
> (John Masefield; "*Dauber.*")

On a clipper just like that he sailed from Nova Scotia. It was in 1882, when sailing vessels were in their glory. He arrived in London after a good while, but with no intention of pausing there. He was restless. Some big change was passing within him. Where next could he go? What was the farthest place? The antipodes—Australia. Promptly he took another sailing vessel for Australia. It was the "Lammermoor," a three-master. He drew a picture of the ship, and sent it home. He drew many other pictures. For the first time, it would seem, he was having the leisure to develop as he might. And while the long, placid days succeeded each other, and lazy cloud-ranks marched by along the horizon, it was the art impulse that surged up in him most strongly.

He reached Melbourne somewhat tired of wandering. It was his plan to take the next ship for home. But owing to some chance he missed that ship, and found there would be no other for weeks. One of those

determining events that arose every ten years or so, and that jolted his conservative, habit-forming nature into a new phase, had come.

Alone in Melbourne, and not overstocked with money, he thought of going to work. He thought of writing, and he did do some routine newspaper work. And then he considered pictures. Was he an artist? He did not know. But one day, as he wandered along the street irresolute, his eye caught a sign in a newspaper office window:

"ARTIST WANTED"

He did not go in, but went away and prepared some sketches, which he sent to the editor. To his dismay came a reply that the paper had just died.

"The editor wrote me," runs Mr. Bradley's own account, as he told it some years ago, "that since I was not yet the paper's cartoonist, I could not be blamed for its death. He added he was going to start another publication, in which he hoped to use my pictures."

The new venture was named *Australian Tidbits*. Luther Bradley became its cartoonist, and gave up all thought of going home. He had found a brand new interest in life; the interest that was always afterward to be supreme.

WHAT began as a brief visit to Australia expanded into a residence of eleven years. After his service for *Tidbits*, afterwards *Life*, Mr. Bradley, then a robust, bearded man of thirty and more, drew cartoons for *Melbourne Punch*. On this last publication, a weekly, he remained the longest. He wrote dramatic reviews for it. And once, when the editor, Mr. McKinley, took a trip around the world, Luther Bradley was in editorial charge for a year. Meantime he entered joyously into the life of the city, which he found highly congenial, owing to its intelligent and rather leisurely atmosphere, and its passion, almost equal to his, for outdoor sports.

He was becoming celebrated. Australia was many sunsets distant from the European capitals, but the mails got there after a while, and whenever an example of Luther Bradley's work reached London, its vigor and humor left their mark. New York, too, heard of him; and such papers and clippings as reached Chicago astonished friends who never had thought of Luther Bradley in this wise. He was at the door of fame, and it might have opened to him in any of the greater cities. But in 1892 Francis Bradley, now more than seventy, became ill. Luther was summoned. And while he was on the ocean the father, who had lived to delight in Luther's cartooning, to feel a pride as great as he had felt when his son was succeeding in real estate, passed away.

It was another of those determining events. Just eleven years since the last one. It was to be only seven to the next, when he was to form his connection with *The Chicago Daily News*.

His mother needed him now. It was clear that he must remain in Chicago. He did not think he would like it as well as Melbourne. But his duty now lay here, and his chance for a living. He did such art work as he could get, residing, meantime, in the old home in Evanston. It was not quite the same old home. The girls, most of them, had "married away." The city had grown up around the homestead, and the woods, where any were left, were thinner. However, many of his old friends remained: Henry S. Boutell, his companion on many a camping and fishing trip; Towner K. Webster, Frank Elliott, Philip R. Shumway, William H. Harper, and many others. Besides, there were nephews and nieces of whom he was fond. Having considerable leisure now and then, he drew some astonishing pictures for the children of one sister, Mrs. John R. Case, writing verses to explain the pictures. Two of these nonsense books afterwards were published and sold under the titles, "Wonderful Willie; What He and Tommy Did to Spain," and "Our Indians; a Midnight Visit to the Great Somewhere-or-other."

This was a kind of transition period for him. It may be passed over

quickly in favor of the greater period to come, when, following some years of cartoon work on other Chicago newspapers, he joined, in July, 1899, the staff of *The Daily News*.

THE man who came among us then cannot be forgotten. He was forty-six years old, and might very properly have been gray-haired and sedate. Instead he was one of the most dynamic, quick-spoken and athletic beings ever seen in a newspaper office. His hair was solid dark brown, brushed up in a defiant pompadour. His face was ruddy. He was six feet two inches tall, and his physique almost massive. His whole bearing, even in such a trivial action as striding down a room, was that of a tremendously intense and vigorous man.

Everybody knew, when Bradley came, that a new element had entered *The Daily News* office. What we did not know was that this serious-looking individual of whom most of us never had heard was to do in the seventeen years remaining to him work enough for the average life-time — work so startling in vitality, so luminous with youth, that one could never believe him to be old.

His first cartoon in *The Daily News* appeared July 5, 1899. Thereafter he furnished one daily, except when illness or vacation kept him away, or when some "big news cut" occupied his place on the front page. (It was part of his modesty and sense of the fitting that he never objected when his cartoon was crowded out.) During those first months he did his pictures at home, and went to the office only occasionally. Later he found he could work to better advantage in close touch with his associates; and when, in 1900, he was made director of the art department, regular office hours of course became still more imperative. He now went to work with the "rush hour" crowds, and returned home when they did. He was a daily toiler, with trains to catch, and not much time for lunch. On the whole, he rather liked it that way.

Although he had efficient help in the routine of the art department,

especially from Charles F. Batchelder, his assistant and friend, he was "in charge," and that fact he did not forget. He had a "comic page" to censor, a drove of nimble young artists to shepherd, news pictures sometimes to bother him, an engraving room to reckon with. He liked to have the department telephone on his desk, and to answer it himself. So he encountered a lot of details that he might easily have avoided.

"How do you do it?" he was often asked by people who did not see how he could produce his thoughtful cartoons next door to an "art room."

He would only smile in reply, with the "what-does-it-matter" look he wore when asked about himself.

The fact was that he had a mind capable of utter absorption in the action of the moment. He could lay aside his drawing and forget it while he was consulted on some matter of the department, or to look at the sketches of a humble stranger, or to tell a mother what to do about her gifted son, aged eight. This done, he would resume his pen, and go to cross-hatching just where he left off. Elevated trains clattered past his window, and a multitude of other noises rose from the street. They could not detach his mind from the big idea of the day. And when the day was over and he had carried that big sheet of cardboard, the completed drawing, to the etchers, he could discard all the excitements and troubles of the last eight hours, and go home free for complete relaxation.

He carried with him from the office neither portfolios nor "atmosphere." He did not dress the artist part, nor try to look it. His work was his work. He never threw a halo around it, nor did he ever imply that because he did that sort of work, he was a being of a higher order. In connection with this absence of "pose" it is worth mentioning that Luther Bradley produced his cartoons without nearly as much academic preparation as they seemed to reveal. He read three weekly periodicals regularly, others desultorily, and he dipped into thoughtful books as they came out. But he did not try to know everything. His real library was the picturesque, laughable, dreadful book of life itself, as disclosed to him in the news of the day.

He illumined these from the inexhaustible batteries within him. He did not seem to need the artificial light that came from other minds.

As the years went by he was relieved more and more of the strain of executive work, although when an emergency arose he always seemed to be on the spot. "I am responsible," he would insist. He carried this feeling of responsibility into all his relations with the art staff. He was their bulwark, stimulus, and companion. More and more he adopted the fatherly role toward his young men. He liked to celebrate their successes, to advise them about vacations, and to hear about their new babies.

With all this — his cartoon, his frequent visits "upstairs" to see what the wires were bringing, his long and eager talks with associates, the correspondence with admirers (and cranks) — his days were full. This made him happy. There were to be no more wanderings. He was satisfied with the privilege, enjoyed every morning, of facing big tasks to be done before evening. And at evening, perhaps remarking, "Well, I'm afraid to-morrow's cartoon won't set the world on fire," he would put on his undistinguished overcoat and hat and go away into another world.

THIS private world of his had come to be peopled, in his late middle age, with a wife and four children who entirely absorbed him. He hated to be away from them even for an evening; so that he dreaded long journeys without them, and rarely accepted a social engagement.

During his second Evanston residence he had met Miss Agnes Smith, daughter of the Rev. Daniel F. Smith, who founded St. Luke's Episcopal Church, in Evanston. Miss Smith enjoyed outdoor life and many other things that Mr. Bradley liked. She became his friend, then his betrothed, and in October, 1901, they were married. Their first months of married life were passed in a tent on the shore of a lonely bay of Catalina Island, where they reveled in their wild surroundings. One morning, for example, they were awakened by the blowing of whales and rose to see the water of the bay black with the great creatures which were disporting themselves

there. Tent life did not end for them until the rattlesnakes came out at the end of winter and insisted on sharing their living quarters and drinking water from the same spring.

On returning to Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Bradley lived in Evanston for some years, but in 1909 they built a home in Wilmette, on the lake shore. There are four children: Francis, John Freeman, Sarah Elizabeth, and Margaret.

In Wilmette were passed what must have been Luther Bradley's most precious years. He was up there on a bluff, where Lake Michigan, perfect semblance of the sea, greeted him morning and night. It received him placidly at bathing time,— and his "season" ended only when his bathing suit fairly froze to the sand. He had a fine, long walk from the railroad station — an excellent bracer in zero weather, just like old times. And he grew a flower garden, and built a summer house, with stairs of rock up the cliff. And he helped the boys to put up a little clubhouse down near the beach. In front of this he laid out a tennis court. And the lake, as though grateful for his tenancy, "made" land for him until his beach was increased eastward by hundreds of feet.

There, after his hair became gray, he revived his boyhood pleasures, and romped with a company of admirers more congenial and outspoken than those who praised his cartoons: the children, both his own and the neighbors. Tennis, swimming, skating, boating, football, campfires on the beach, a thousand "days of real sport."

Of all the tributes he received, give me the one spoken by a little boy, a newcomer thereabouts, who after skating one day with Luther Bradley and a group of shouting sprites, remarked,

"Who was that big gray-haired feller? Say, he's a real feller!"

EARLY in January, 1917, his physique, so remarkably sustained, suddenly seemed to give way. He felt tired, and could not understand why. He would "soon be all right." Several times he had recovered from

long and severe illnesses, one of which took him into the very face of death, and proved to him that he did not fear death. He remained home, this week of January, to rest. It was pleasant to be there, among the children, just after Christmas. Still, he felt uneasy about staying away from his desk. Word came to the office on Tuesday, January 9th, that he would "report without fail Thursday." But that Tuesday evening, before anyone thought he was definitely ill, a fatal seizure laid hold of him. And there in his lakeside home, he died as unobtrusively as he had lived.

HENRY J. SMITH.

FINISHING THE DAY'S CARTOON

Luther D. Bradley as He Appeared at His Desk in *The Chicago Daily News* Office

[By Clyde T. Brown, staff photographer of *The Chicago Daily News*]

BRADLEY AS A CARTOONIST

THOUGH the word "cartoon," as used to designate certain kinds of satirical drawings, has strayed far from its original meaning, it has achieved in its present uses an adequate definition which the public profitably may bear in mind. That effective instrument of the artist turned satirist, "must always figure," according to an authority, "as a leading article transformed into a picture." It is, in short, an editorial expressed in line. By this rule, then, should be judged the cartoon, properly so called. By this rule the work of Bradley's brain and pen invariably measures true.

To the writer, whose privilege it has been for more than twenty years to confer almost daily with some cartoonist of proved ability or of excellent promise while the latter was developing the idea which was to take pictorial form under his skillful hand a few hours later, it is a pleasure to record here the belief that, like Abou Ben Adhem, the successful producer of cartoons loves his fellow men. It follows that he is continually seeking for truth and not in the mood of jesting Pilate. This may serve to explain why the older term "caricature," which sufficed to describe, for example, the tremendously effective brutalities of Gillray and Rowlandson in Napoleon's day, cannot be applied with entire propriety to the work of enlightened and conscientious artists of the present, who make pictures which are leading articles. Truth if caricatured becomes a lie. In the successful cartoon everything may be distorted except the truth.

Bradley had a high respect for his art and for his position as a teacher through his art. He was a student of cartooning, historically and otherwise. It was a source of satisfaction to him that as an American cartoonist he had among his predecessors men of such strong convictions as Paul Revere, Thomas Nast and Joseph Keppler. He had no patience with milk-and-watery cartoons. Whatever came from his pen had to deliver a message of no uncertain kind. Any idea which could not prove itself worth while when roughly sketched out in half a dozen pencil strokes was

straightway banished as unworthy. He took an honest pride in the fact that he did not have to fall back on makeshift or second rate ideas when he squared his elbows above his drawing board for the day's work. At that particular moment he was far more likely to find himself suffering from an embarrassment of riches in the form of many inviting subjects for treatment than from a dearth of ideas.

WHEN he joined the staff of *The Daily News* Bradley was already a cartoonist of experience, having won notable success in Melbourne and having worked on other Chicago newspapers for several years. After he became the head of the art department of *The Daily News*, with general supervision over a considerable staff of artists and photographers, he attended to the many details of executive management along with his daily task of conceiving and executing a cartoon. Up to 11 or 12 o'clock each day his mind was busy with ideas for possible cartoons in the midst of the distractions of other duties. These ideas he would sketch out in the crudest way with a soft pencil, each rudimentary cartoon on its own sheet of ordinary rough paper. With the penciled sheets, usually numbering from three to half a dozen, he would come to my room, usually a little before noon, and we would talk over these ideas and perhaps other ideas would be developed.

Questions of clearness, appropriateness, vigor, unity and timeliness would commonly arise and often there was a choice to be made among a number of acceptable subjects. Frequently several different methods of treating the same subject would be considered and each would be sketched out in pencil or rearranged on the sheet with a few swift strokes by Bradley in the course of the conversation. The fertility of Bradley's mind, enriched by much reading of history, biography and other substantial works, and broadened by travel and observation as well as by thought which had produced in him strong convictions, was continually in evidence at such times. I frequently said to him in our discussions that I conceived it to be

my part to assume the role of devil's advocate, suggesting possible weaknesses in ideas that were up for consideration, flaws in deductions from given facts, points of seeming injustice to men or measures and such other features of the cartoon in embryo as might be entitled to consideration before the picture began to develop under his careful pen. As a conscientious man he entered heartily into this trying-out process, engaging with animation in the task of weighing ideas and possible methods of treatment. The caption for the chosen cartoon was given equally careful thought in order that in few words it might clarify the meaning of the picture. Often, however, there was nothing for me to do at these conferences except approve some admirably clear and vigorous sketch which presented a timely subject with the vividness of a lightning flash. It was not uncommon for this man who seemed to think in pictures to present a veritable sheaf of sketches, each relating to a different subject and all so good that he was speedily invited to choose from among them the one which made the strongest appeal to himself.

THE questions most commonly debated in these daily meetings were, first, "Is this a true and just presentation of the case?" and secondly, "Will the average newspaper reader readily catch the point in the picture?" Unless these questions were affirmatively answered there was no chance of the artist's choosing to develop the idea. He was incapable of compromising with his convictions, but he was always ready to consider evidence tending to show that his convictions were wrong. Always looking for good causes to help, he frequently expressed the desire to "strike a blow" for this or that. In a world with so many wrongs to be combated he had no patience with frivolous subjects for cartoons. He took his talent too seriously, he took life too seriously, to waste his time on littlenesses. He was eager to attack any piece of injurious folly or any social tendency indicating deterioration of the mental, moral, or physical fiber of Americans. Cartoons of the type of the one in which he contrasted the sturdy boy of

an earlier generation trudging to school through snowdrifts with the languid stripling of to-day stepping into an automobile and saying, "School, James," gave him particular pleasure.

A consistent enemy of individual and national flabbiness, he rejoiced in honorable achievement of every sort. For the great men of the past he had a particular reverence. The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln seldom or never passed without his drawing lessons from their lives for the profitable consideration of the people of to-day. For Roosevelt he had an unwavering admiration and he never grew weary of depicting that virile American in the act of doing some strenuous thing or other. This big, gentle hearted artist dearly loved also to picture women admonishing their husbands on matters of public duty or serenely setting them right when they were in the midst of some wrongheaded action typically masculine. He believed that women commonly had a finer, truer sense in matters of social service than had men, and he championed their cause effectively by expressing in many ways his conviction that as a rule they were no less clear of vision than pure of purpose in dealing with public affairs. On behalf of children, misunderstood at home or mistreated anywhere through poverty or neglect or the barbarities of war, he was always ready to fight in flaming indignation.

When the European war broke out Bradley, in the full enjoyment of his ripe creative power, turned with passionate energy to the task of depicting the gigantic criminality of militarism. The scathing indictments which he drew against it were reproduced in publications throughout the world. Their remarkable merit brought him wide fame and soon he was proclaimed by many the greatest of American cartoonists. From the earlier war cartoons — such as the one entitled "The Harvest Moon," showing a skull-shaped luminary pouring its rays down upon an illimitable plain covered with corpses — to the last three or four of the wonderful series, including "Just Another Little Fellow," showing the slender corpse of stricken Roumania over which the ponderous wheels of war has just passed —

they met with wide recognition as masterpieces of the cartoonist's art.

Bradley's life went out suddenly but peacefully while his creative power as an artist was at its height. In taking him death ended the career of a devoted champion of goodness, simplicity, and gentleness, of progress and truth.

CHARLES H. DENNIS.

(Verses written by Luther D. Bradley when he was in college, and published in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*)

THE LEGEND OF THE WINDOWS

"For who hath despised the day of small things"

At length upon the crowning towers were placed
The topmost stones, and the cathedral fair
Rose in its carven beauty, interlaced
With wreathed flowers and arches light as air;
And with its wise, majestic oriel faced
The rising sun, and seemed as standing there
Worthy, almost, an offering to be made
To Him who once was in a manger laid.

Dense vines and branches cluster round its base,
Dark, seamed and weather-stained, while further on
Green mosses cling; then for a little space
The stones are bare, and further, one by one
The lines drawn by the years still mark the place
Where toiled each life until its sands were run;
The tide-marks left by generations spent
Rearing the glory of this monument.

And he whose lot came last was striving now
To add the final grace, that ere the day
When they should rear upon the pavement low
The sacred altar, all that marble gray
Might with new, myriad-tinted sunbeams glow;
And there where now the shameless daylight lay,
Thro' his rich window's softened air might fall
A halo o'er that holiest spot of all.

With lavish hands he wrought the colors rare,
High screened among the traceries of stone;
And as the glittering fragments here and there,
Fell from his hand while toiling on alone,
A young apprentice gleaned them up with care,
And half afraid and to the rest unknown,
Wove them in figures strange, and all unseen
Fixed them behind a vacant window's screen.

And as these two thus labored on, at last
Came that great day whereon to consecrate
With ceremonial high and prayer and fast,
This holy church; came dignitaries great,
And priest and prelate in procession passed,
With incense sweet and perfume delicate,
And moving down the flower-strewn pathway's bloom
Entered the dim cathedral's sombre gloom.

And the proud master stood exultingly,
To mark when they should on the altar gaze,
The flaming glory of his window see,
And smiled within himself at their amaze
To think that such the work of man could be;
Then the low-breathing organ softly plays,
And as its throbbing voices fill the air,
All kneel upon the marble floor in prayer.

But when again they rise all eyes are turned,
Not where the eager master's loved to dwell —
Where high amid the pointed arches burned
The colors that his hand had wrought so well,
But to that corner which his pride had spurned —
Where softly now a mellow radiance fell,
So beautiful that his fierce pride of heart
Vanished before the glory of his art.

Upon no sacred cross its light is thrown,
But the worn pavement and the crumbling tomb
Are flooded with a glory all their own;
While the vast shadows of the chancel loom
Dim 'round that place of light, as shadowed down
Over that greatest tragedy the gloom
That veiled the grief, the anguish, the despair,
But not the love divine that suffered there.

And the robed prelate turned, and smiling, said:
" 'T is strangely beautiful, and it were meet
Rather that to such scene our steps were led,
To bow ourselves low at the Saviour's feet,
And as we pray behold that thorn-crowned head,
Than 'mid yon blazoned throng and incense sweet;
For ne'er too oft do we when kneeling down,
For thought of that sad cross forget the crown."

Burst forth the master, "Father, 't is but nought;
'T is only from the meanest fragments made
That fell from out my hand there as I wrought;
There is the altar, see the saints arrayed
In colors of the light, and gold, I thought
To touch them with a lustre ne'er to fade."
But on the youth who stood with low-bowed head
The father, turning, laid his hands and said:

"From thy low place thou hast above us all
Risen and taught us; may'st thou ever be
With such small fragments as thou seest fall
Ready to labor long and patiently,
Knowing that so a voice one day will call
And say, 'Well, done,' and thou as here shall see
Thy works of worth and fair. Our lesson brings
Us this: Scorn not the day of smallest things."

L. D. B.

CARTOONS

With the exception of the Australian Cartoons, all those in this collection were published in THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. The date of publication is given in each case below the picture.

TWO AUSTRALIAN CARTOONS

Sir Graham in Harness Again

"Hands Across the Sea"—A Memory of the London Dock Strike

[These cartoons, which appeared in *Melbourne Punch* about 1889–90, are published here as samples of the work Luther D. Bradley was doing at that period of his career. The subjects treated have, of course, no savour of the present day. "Sir Graham," represented as having broken down on the road, was Sir Graham Berry, agent general in London for the colony of Victoria. He was seemingly no favorite, politically, of *Melbourne Punch*. The other cartoon refers to the strike of dock laborers in London in 1889. Workingmen of Australia contributed large sums to the cause of the strikers.]

AND NOW TO PUT AN END TO THE WAR

[Mr. Bradley's First Cartoon In The Chicago Daily News]

Let Us Merely Leave Our Surplus Celebrating Material Where the Contumacious Savages Can Capture It

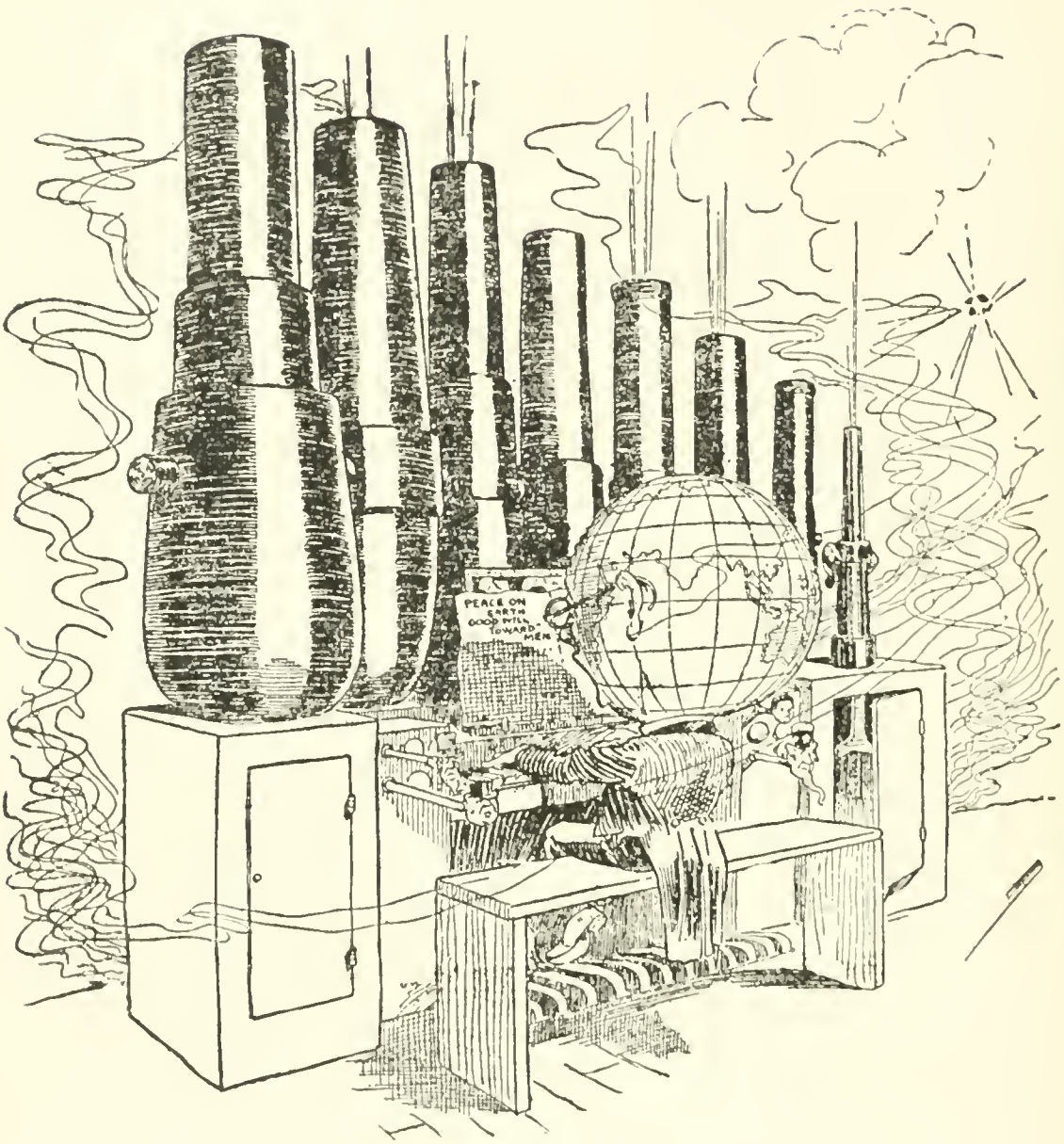
(July 5, 1899)

BANE AND ANTIDOTE

Pass a Law Requiring Publishers of Poison Literature to Attach a Back-action Corrective Appliance to Each Volume

(Sept. 7, 1899)

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM



[At this time the siege of Ladysmith, during the Boer war, was in progress.]

(Dec. 23, 1899)

A HOT SUMMER AHEAD FOR THE WORLD—IN THAT RIG

(Feb. 25, 1904)

IF HE IS A WISE LAMB

He Will Come As Above

(March 1, 1904)

CHEEK

SOFT COAL: "Shake, neighbor, I'm one of you!"

HARD COAL: "Ah, there, Morgan! Take this rude fellah out and throw him back into the $4 class, where he belongs!"

(Oct. 10, 1902)

JUST WHERE THE PAPER TORE

(Dec. 14, 1903)

HE YIELDS HIS SUPREMACY

[Inspired by the disaster to the steamer *Gen. Slocum*, June 15, 1904, when 958 persons were killed]

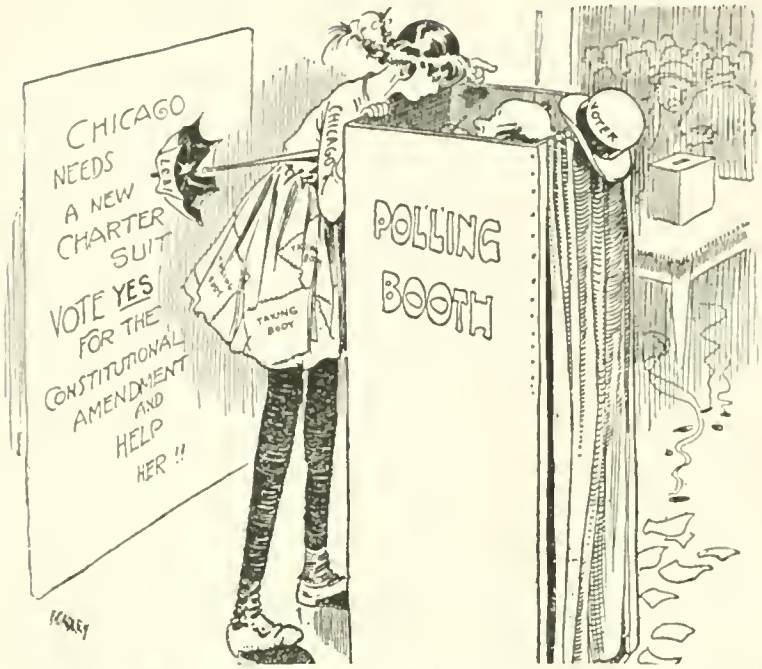
(June 17, 1904)

ISN'T IT TIME SHE HAD A NEW DRESS?

["Miss Chicago" in the patchwork of a dress she had outgrown was the Bradley way of expressing the need of a new charter for Chicago. This cartoon was reproduced widely and used as campaign material by the charter amendment advocates in 1904. It brought home with force the antiquated system of government the city was forced to "wear."]

(Aug. 17, 1904)

SHE'LL HAVE HER EYE ON YOU



CHICAGO (When the Time Comes): "Do I Get That New Dress or Don't I?

[NOTE.—She got it; that is, the amendment was carried. The later developments are fresh in the minds of most readers]

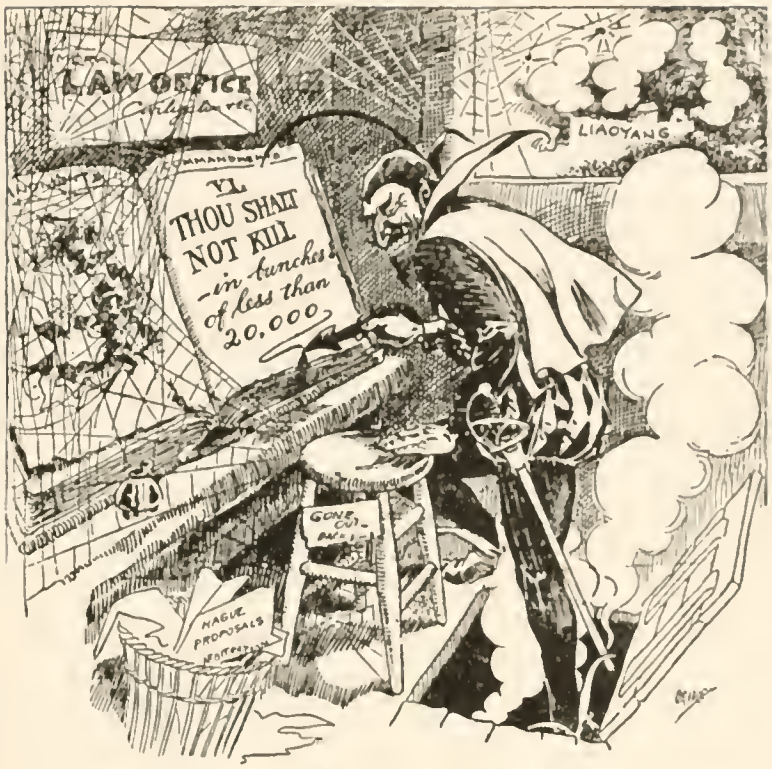
(NOV. 4, 1904)

GOOD BUSINESS

Three Wars and a Presidential Campaign Brought Prosperity to the Campaign Liar

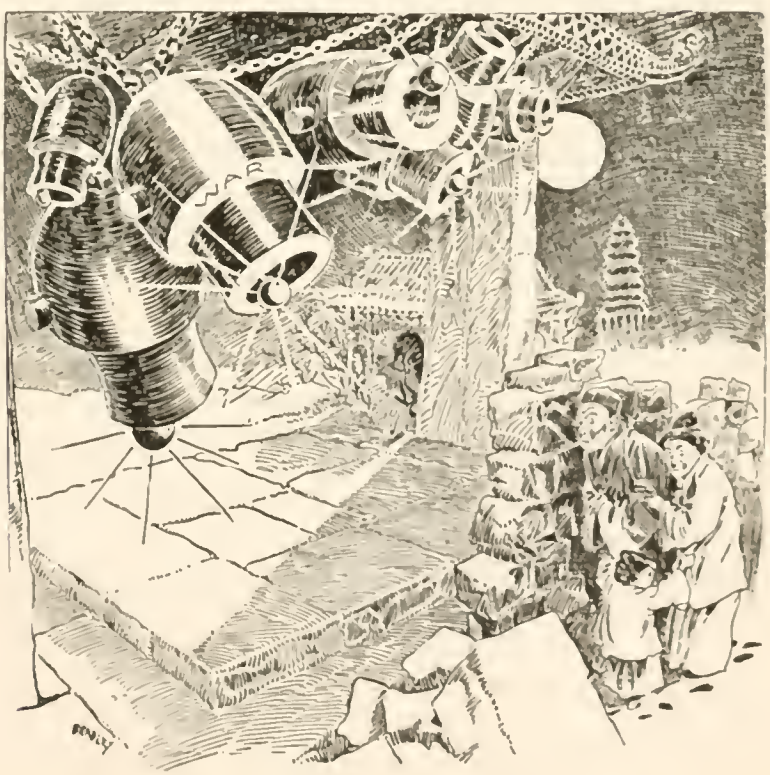
(July 12, 1900)

REVISED TO DATE



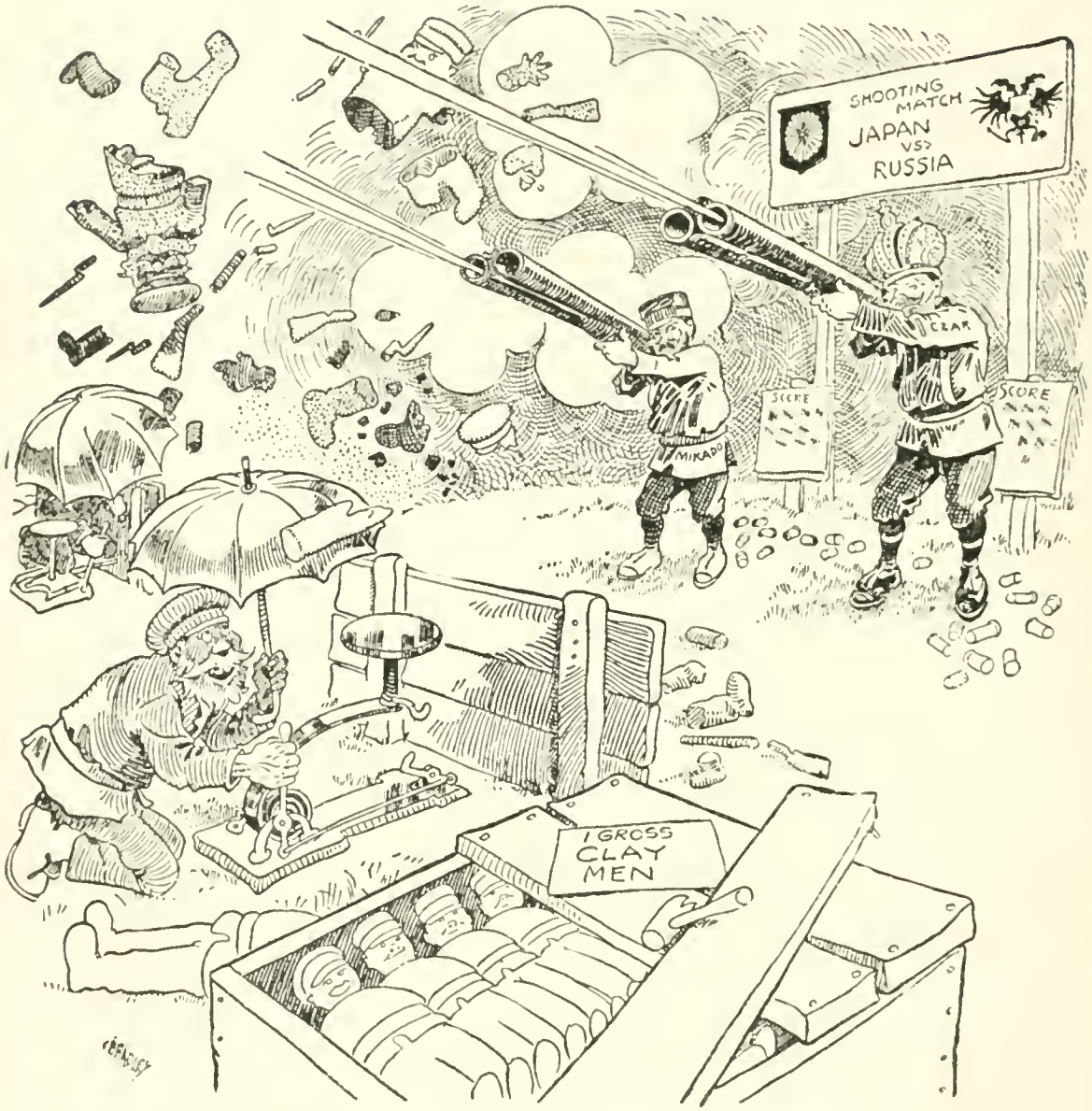
(Sept. 3, 1904)

THE HEATHEN HEAR THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES



(Dec. 24, 1904)

IF CLAY PIGEONS, WHY NOT CLAY MEN?



Could Not the Humane Instinct That Has Saved the Birds Save the Human Beings?

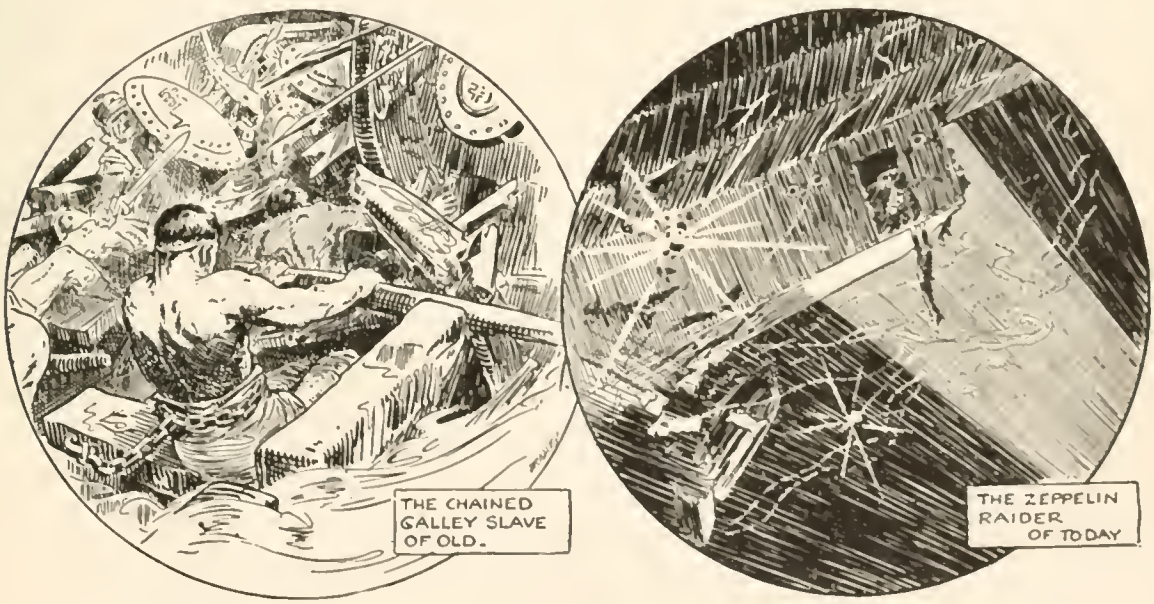
(Sept. 6, 1904)

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF—ONCE MORE ACROSS THE DELAWARE

Strange That After So Many Years the Public Enemy Still Finds a Lurking Place in New Jersey

(Feb. 22, 1905)

THE ADVANCE (?) OF CIVILIZED WARFARE



(Sept. 26, 1910)

THE SPIRIT OF '76 DOWN TO DATE

With Apologies to the Creator of a Famous Painting

(July 3, 1905)

LOST OPPORTUNITIES OF HISTORY

CHORUS OF EARLY AMERICANS: "Don't Take Him Abroad and Hang Him! Think What a Beautiful United States Senator He Would Make!"

(July 13, 1905)

THE LESSON

[Inspired by the death of Marshall Field]

(Jan. 19, 1906)

NOW TO TEST THE SAFETY RAZOR

World: "I Haven't Much Faith in These New-Fangled Fixings, but Anything to Keep Down the War Crop"
(June 17, 1907)

HISTORICAL SURE THINGS

Well, they're NOT running to Wall St. to speculate on War news
What are they hurrying for, uncle?
THE MINUTE MEN, CONCORD, 1775.
-NEWS FROM LEXINGTON-
YOUNG AMERICA

(Jan. 3, 1917)

AS THE WOMAN SUFFRAGIST SEES IT

VOICE AT DOOR: "May I Help"?
THE OVERLORD: "Avaunt! Man Alone Has the Capacity for These Great Affairs!"
(Feb. 18, 1907)

CONGENIAL SPIRITS

MEAN MEN'S CLUB
MAN WHO BORROWS HIS NEIGHBOR'S NEWSPAPER
A FEW REMARKS BY THE MAN WHO IS OPPOSED TO GIVING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
TAX DODGER
UMBRELLA STEALER
MILK TRUST
SHORT-WEIGHT DEALER
CITY WATER THIEF

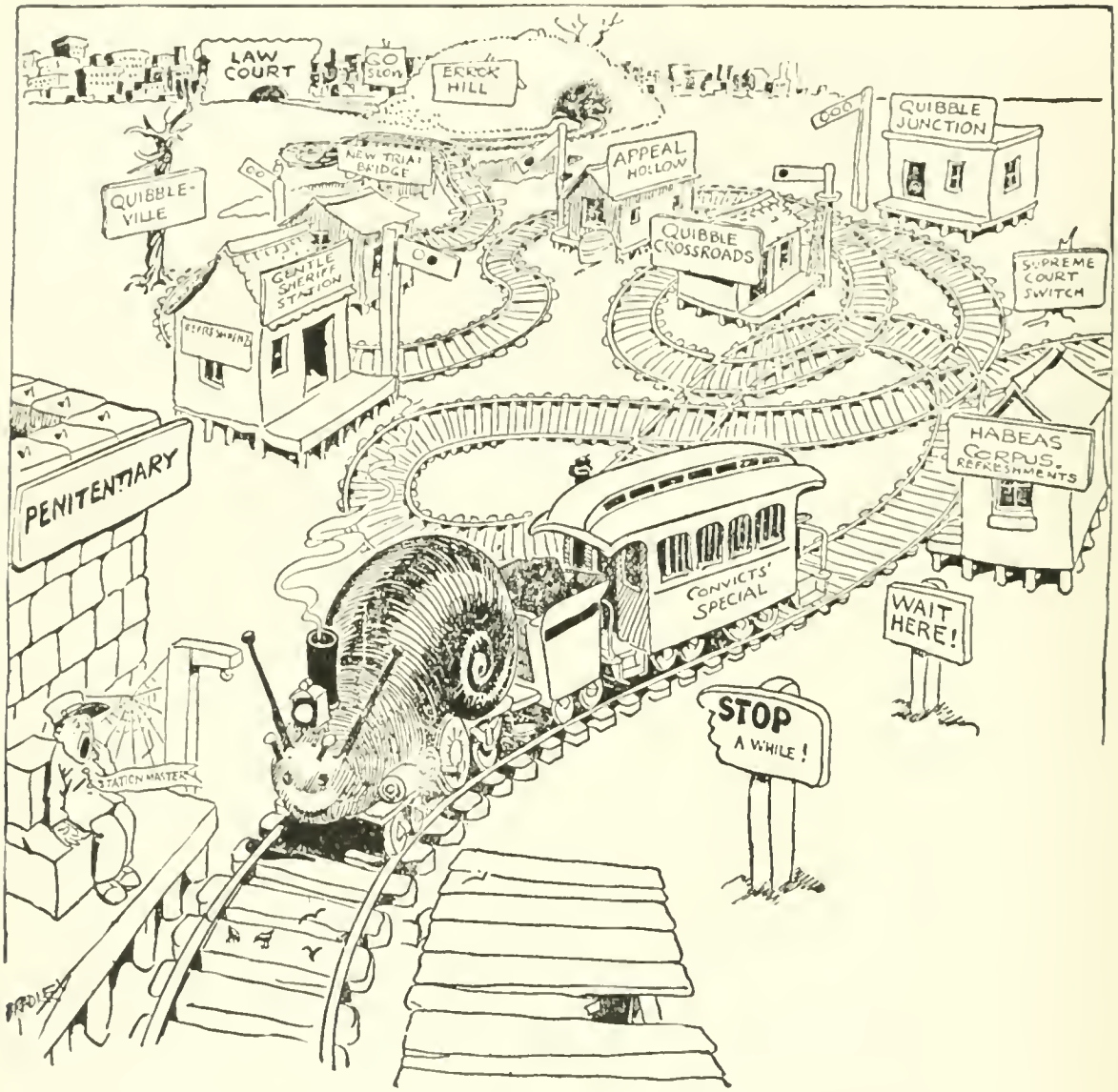
"The Mean Men Held a 'Smoker' the Other Night at Which the New Member Read a Seasonable Paper. Great Enthusiasm Prevailed."—Club Note.
(Nov. 29, 1907)

A DISTURBING POSSIBILITY

STORK: "Well, if folks prefer Teddy Bears I s'pose I'll have to meet the demand"

(July 9, 1907)

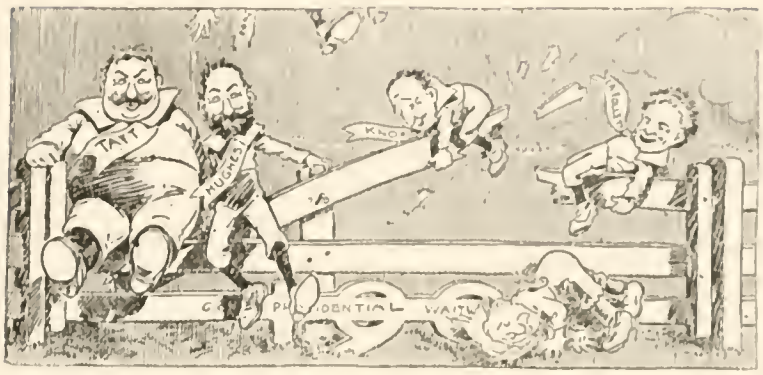
THE DIRECT ROUTE



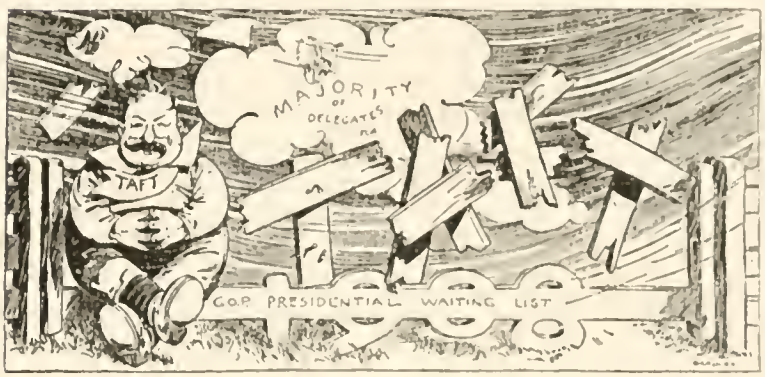
Showing how People are "Railroaded" to the Penitentiary

(Jan. 29, 1908)

FOUR LITTLE CANDIDATES HAVING LOTS OF FUN



ALONG CAME A CYCLONE AND THEN THERE WAS ONE



[Just before the Republican National Convention]

(May 16, 1908)

THE MAGIC RIVER

[Inspired by the death of Mark Twain]

(April 22 1910)

ROMANCE
THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRECKED

OH, BY THE WAY, ROMEO, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT THIS EVENING. ISN'T THE COUNT'S NEW AUTO A DANDY!
HA, HA!
ROMEO
JULIET
PRICE 300 DUCATS

What if Romeo's Rival had Possessed a Motor Car

(Feb. 1, 1911)

THE SEASON OF INCONSISTENCY

Morning

Afternoon

(Oct. 4, 1909)

THE SEASON OF INCONSISTENCY

At Home — Elsewhere

(Jan. 3, 1910)

KINDRED SPIRITS

The Voyagers of the Unknown

(July 13, 1910)

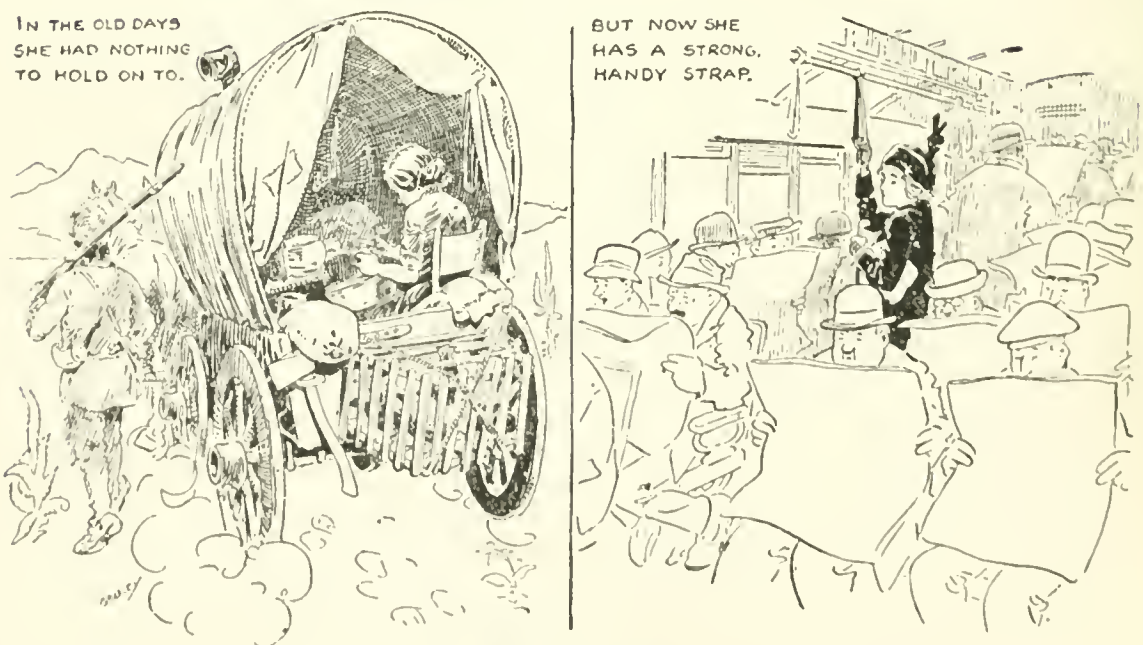
IF YOU DREAD THE COMING STRAW HAT ORDEAL

Just Think what Poor King George has to go Through

[Occasion: Coronation of George V of England]

(May 22, 1911)

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION



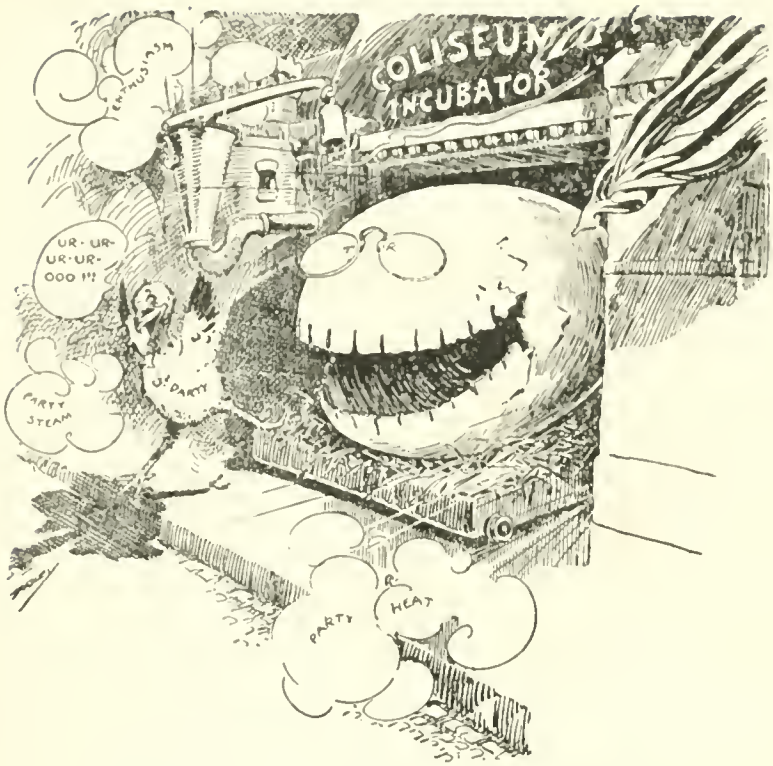
(March 6, 1914)

UNSINKABLE

[Inspired by the Sinking of the Steamer *Titanic*]

(April 17, 1912)

HATCHED



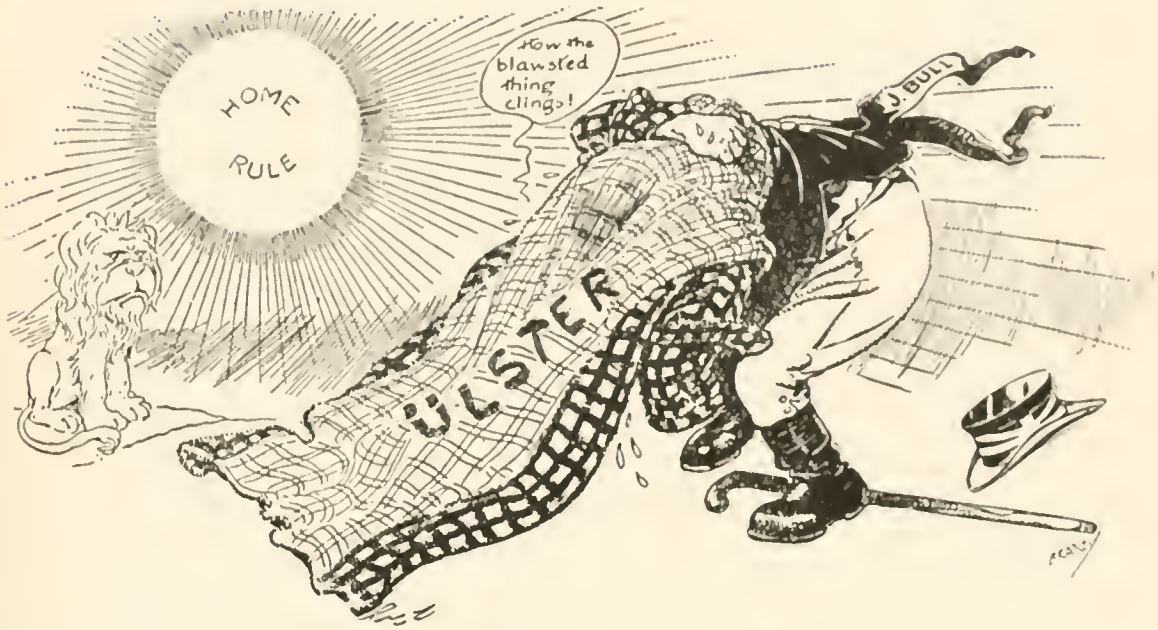
[Nomination of Colonel Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket]

(Aug. 6, 1912)

THAT PROUD MOMENT

(June 7, 1913)

THAT AWKWARD MOMENT—SHEDDING THE ULSTER



(March 21, 1914)

THE EXPANSION OF CIVILIZATION

I rob the rich and give to the poor
A.D. 1415.
Aw, lay off that! I rob BOTH of 'em!
OBSOLETE TAX SYSTEM-ILLINOIS
INEQUITABLE ASSESSMENT
A.D. 1915.

(Feb. 24, 1915)

WHO'S THE HAPPIER?

(July 9, 1914)

AS SUMMER APPROACHES WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH A BABY?

Wonder what the old man's roaring about now.
Aw, they're always making a fuss It's just their nature.
BAW! WAW!
BABY WELFARE
YOURSELF
SOAP

(May 20, 1914)

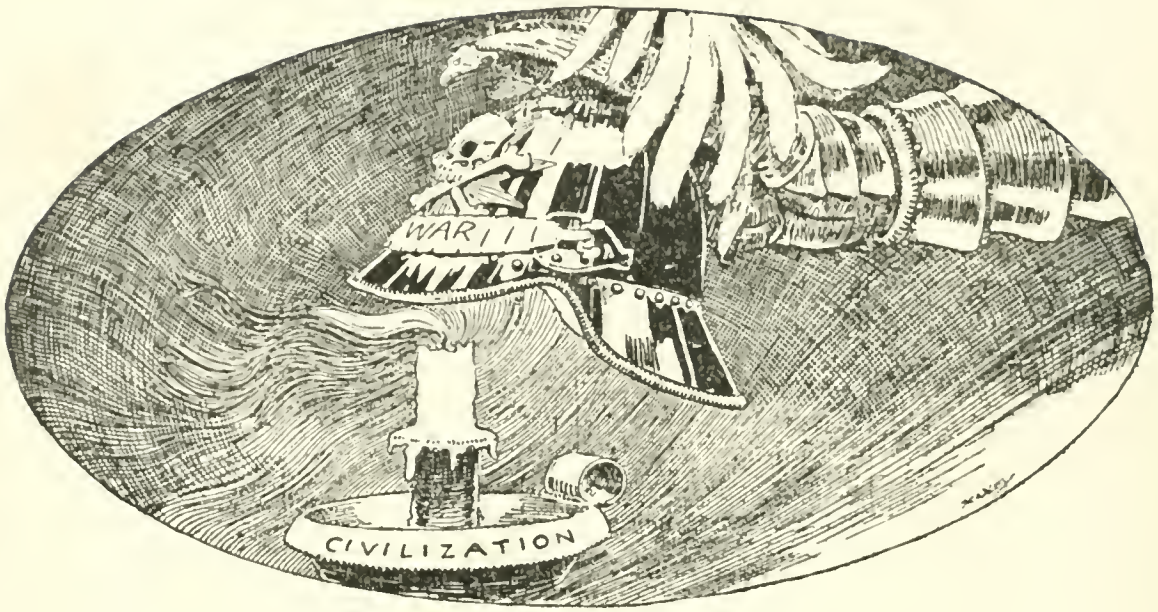
IF IT COULD ONLY BE LEFT TO THEM

(July 28, 1914)

GOOD NEWS FOR HIM

(July 29, 1914)

OUT



(July 30, 1914)

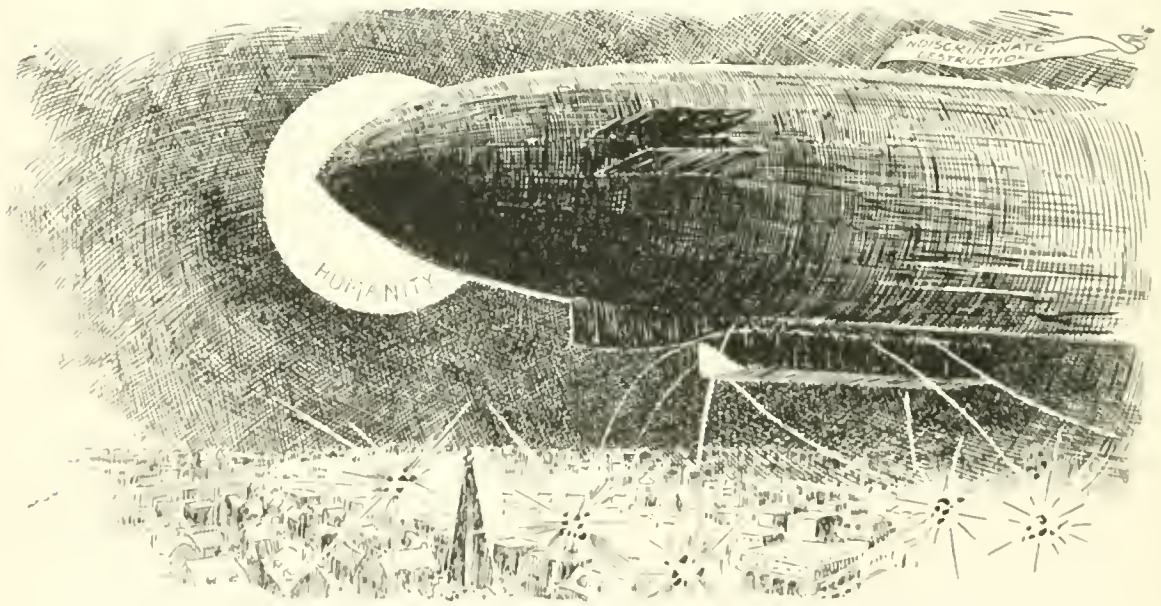
THE HARVEST MOON

(Aug. 31, 1914)

WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED!

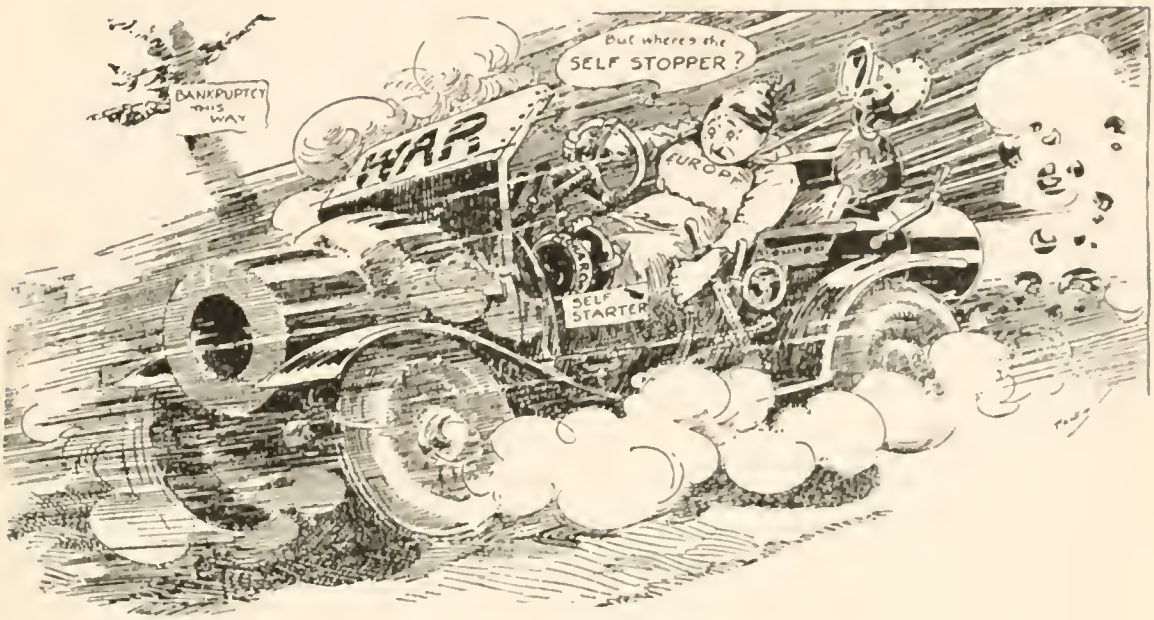
(Aug. 4, 1914)

TOTAL ECLIPSE?



(Aug. 27, 1914)

THE SELF STARTER WORKED ALL RIGHT

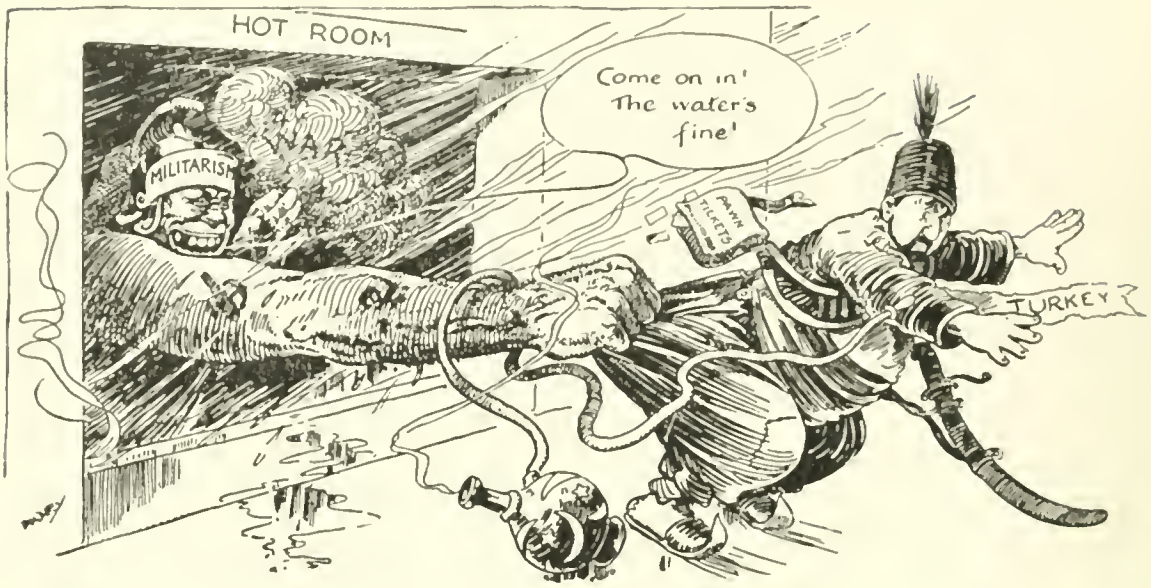


(Sept. 15, 1914)

MUST PEACE WAIT FOR THIS?

(Sept. 21, 1914)

THE TURKISH BATH



(Nov. 6, 1914)

ONE OF THE WAR'S LITTLE ECONOMIES

They don't eat so much these days. they're too busy talking!
Atrocities!
Yaas! Atrocities!
But me dear Belgians.
Aha! But how about the Boer War?
Excuse me I am part French!
Dum dums! Huh?
Airships! Huh?
BLESS MY EN CUR BOARDING HOUSE
INDEED!
I'm so flustered I'm not a bit hungry

(Sept. 30, 1914)

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE THAT WOULD BRING ABOUT PEACE

(Nov. 16, 1914)

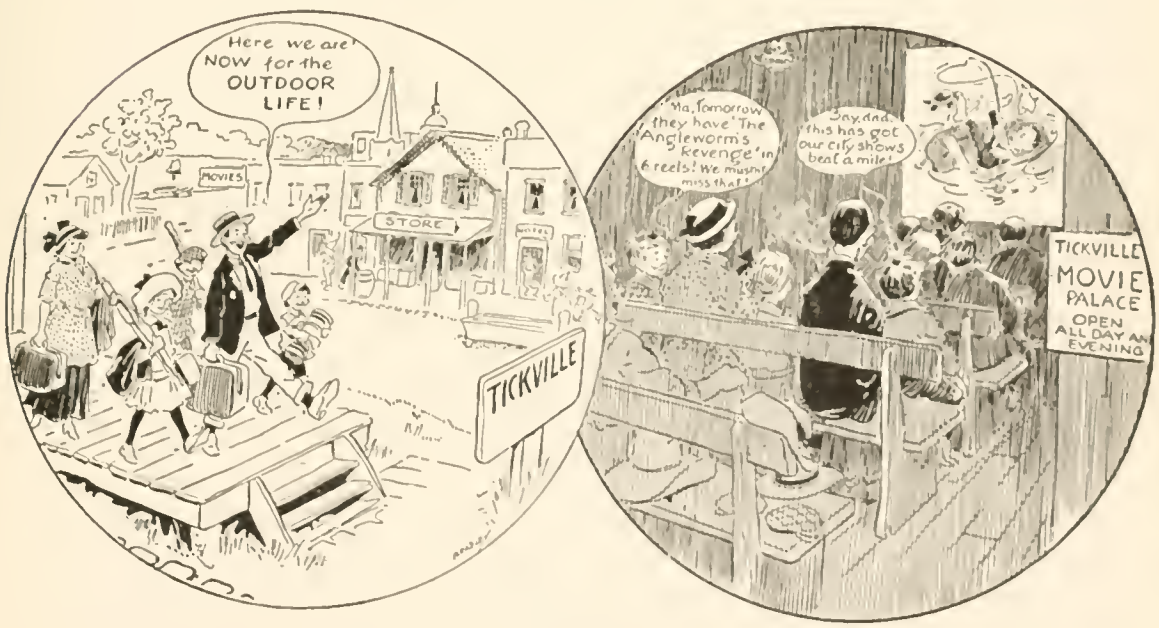
CHRISTMAS CAROLS—PERHAPS THE MONARCHS WILL OBLIGE

(Dec. 24, 1914)

"EFFICIENCY"

(Jan. 12, 1915)

VACATION DAYS

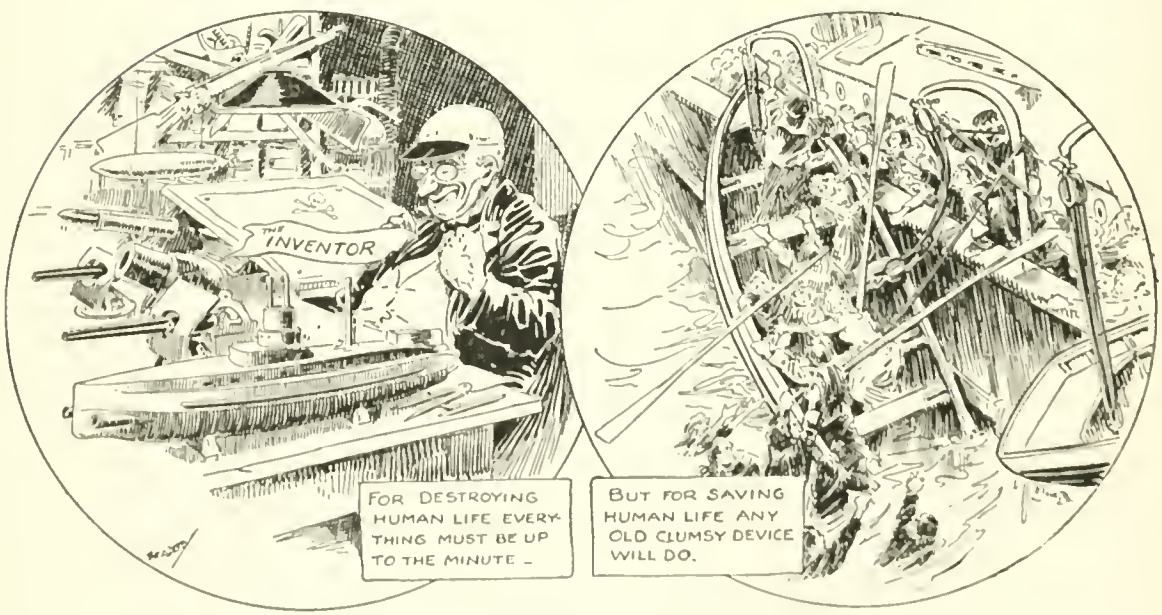

Here we are! NOW for the OUTDOOR LIFE!
MOVIES
STORE
TICKVILLE
Ma, tomorrow they have 'The Angleworm's Revenge' in 6 reels! We mustn't miss that!
Say, dad, this has got our city shows beat a mile!
TICKVILLE MOVIE PALACE OPEN ALL DAY AN EVENING

(July 15, 1915)

THE SEASON OF INCONSISTENCY

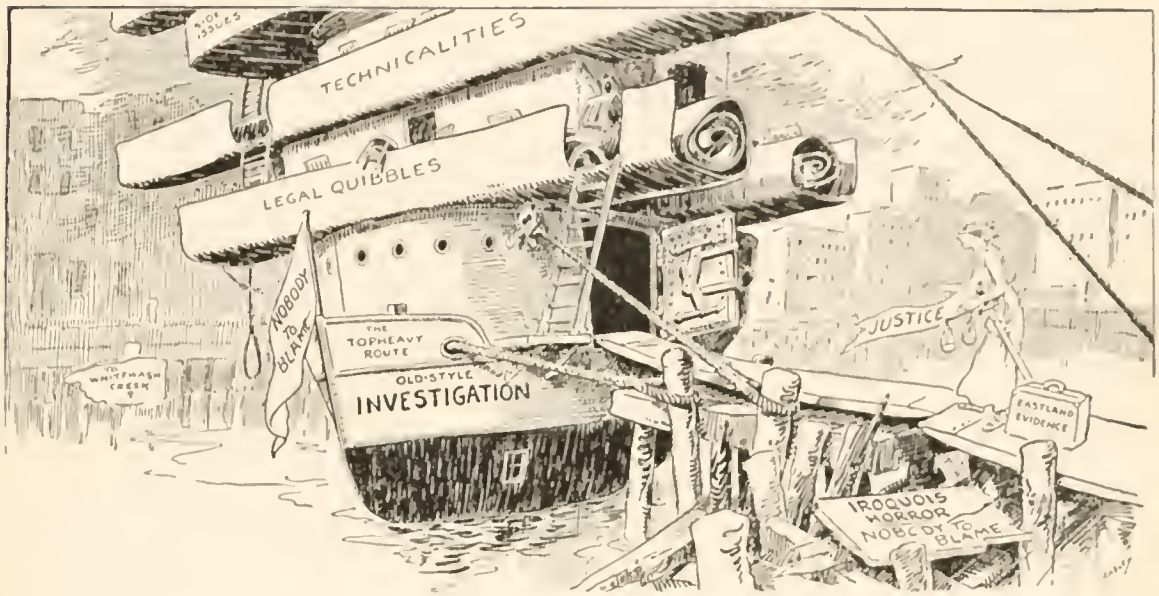
(Dec. 30, 1914)

THE VAGARIES OF SCIENCE


THE INVENTOR
FOR DESTROYING HUMAN LIFE EVERYTHING MUST BE UP TO THE MINUTE –
BUT FOR SAVING HUMAN LIFE ANY OLD CLUMSY DEVICE WILL DO.

(May 12, 1915)

DANGER! SHE MUST BE SAFEGUARDED



[Inspired by the disaster to the Steamer *Eastland* in the Chicago river

(July 27, 1915)

THE FIGHTERS HAVEN'T ALL THE COURAGE

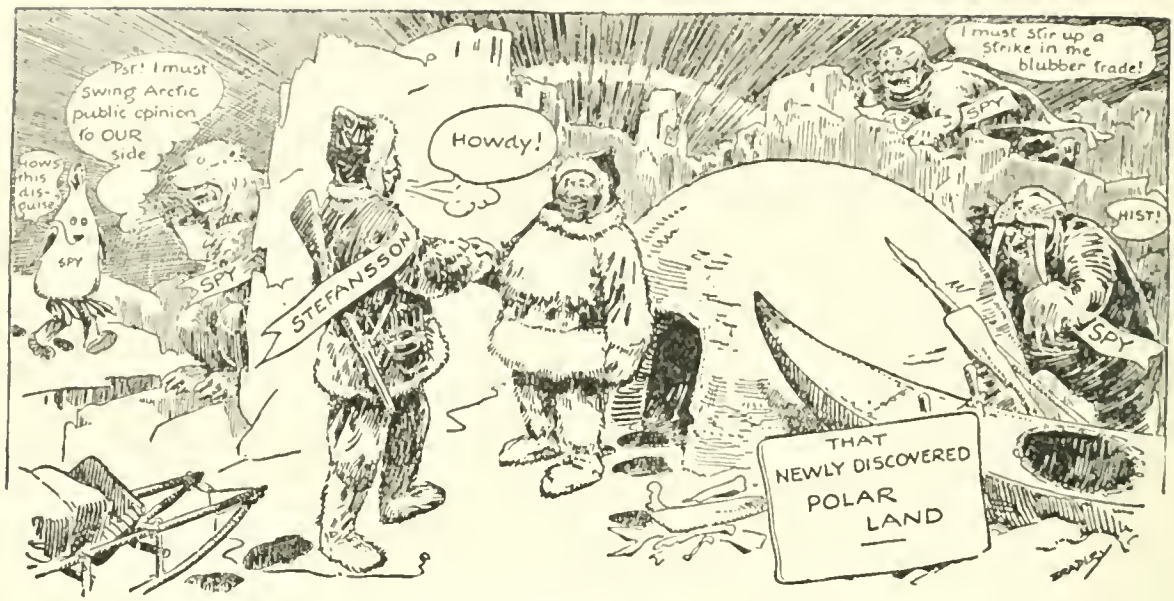
[Inspired by the President's note following the sinking of the *Lusitania*, citing, "rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity"]

(May 13, 1915)

AWKWARD—IN CASE OF A HURRY CALL

(Sept. 14, 1915)

EVEN THERE—PROBABLY



(Sept. 20, 1915)

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE

(Oct. 4 1915)

ANOTHER VICTIM OF UNPREPAREDNESS

(Oct. 8, 1915)

HISTORICAL SURE THINGS

Yes, they're NOT going to attend a lecture on the BEAUTY OF UNPREPAREDNESS
So they're carrying guns to church!
YOUNG AMERICA
GOING TO THE MEETING HOUSE

(Oct. 22, 1915)

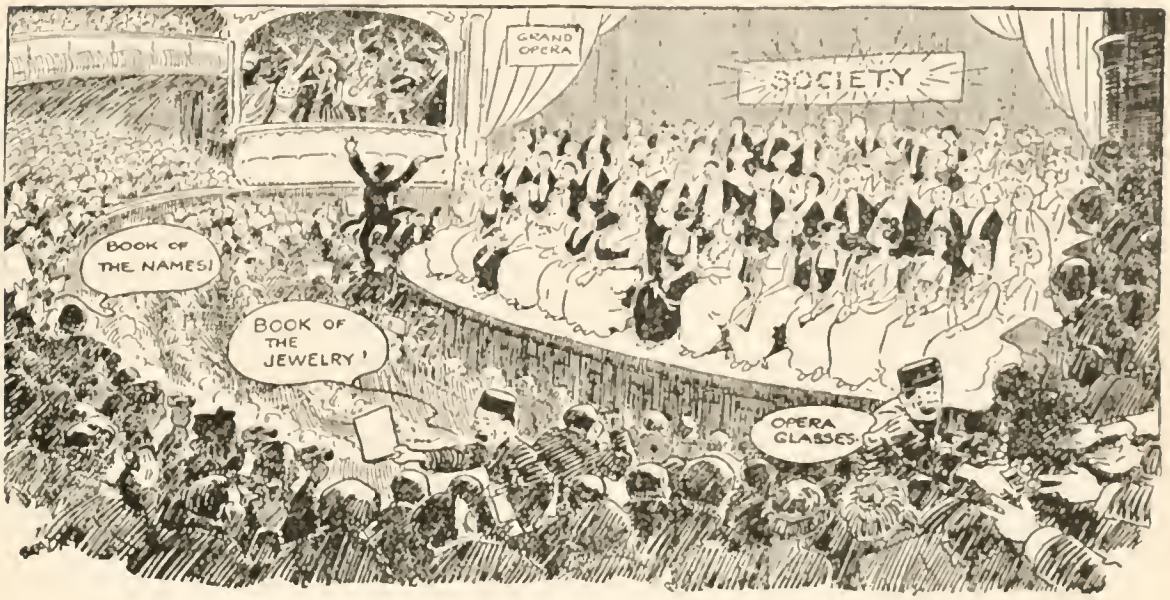
THERE ARE OTHERS

(Nov. 3, 1915)

JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE

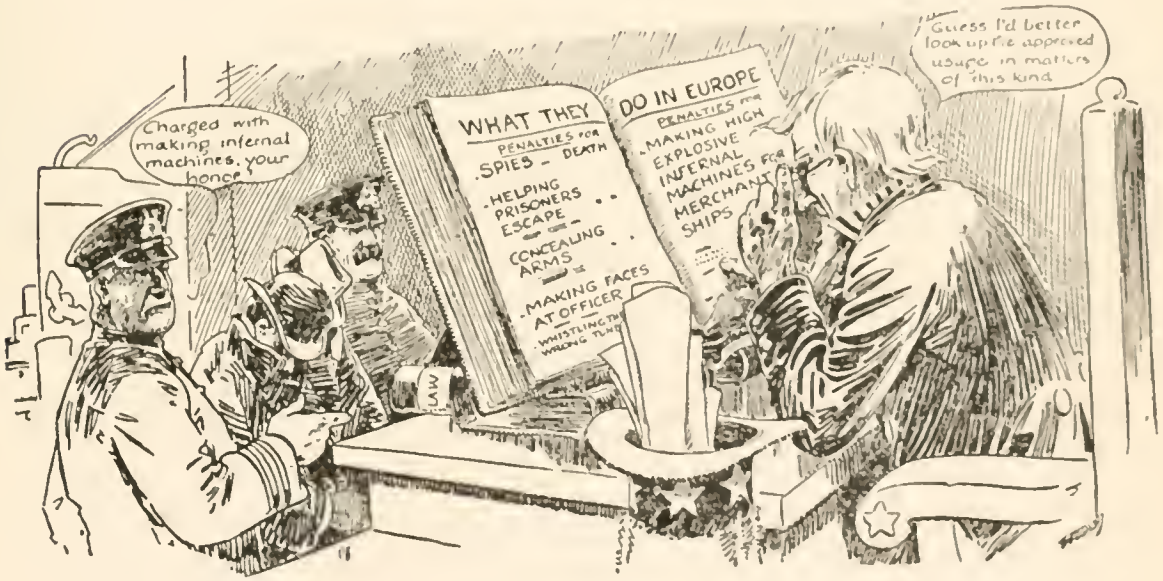
(Sept. 28, 1915)

THE RIVAL ATTRACTIONS MIGHT CHANGE PLACES OCCASIONALLY



(Nov. 20, 1915)

WHAT WOULD THEY DO ABROAD?

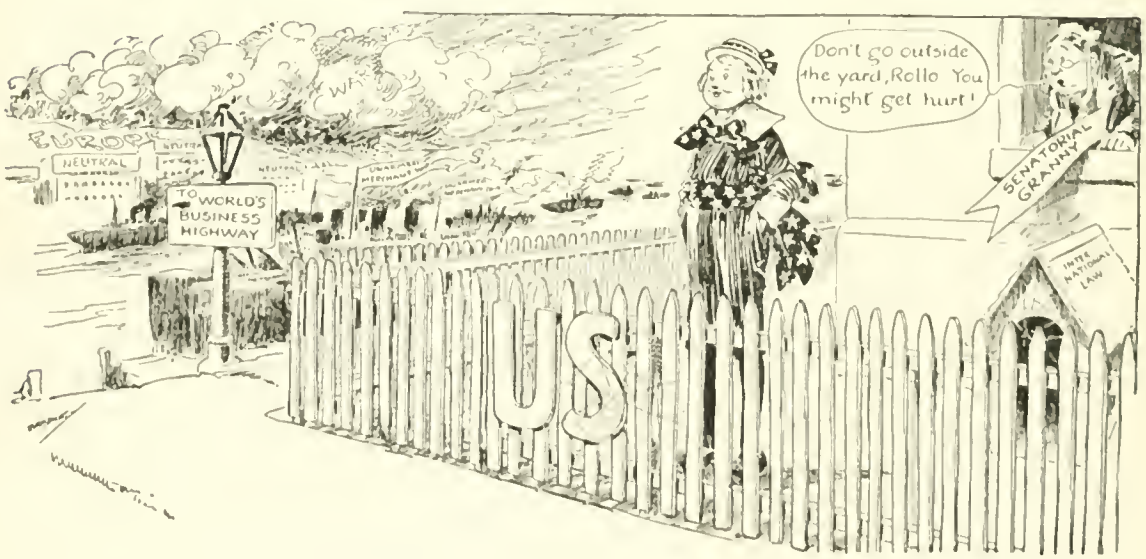

Charged with making infernal machines, your honor
WHAT THEY DO IN EUROPE
PENALTIES FOR
-SPIES - DEATH
-HELPING PRISONERS ESCAPE
CONCEALING ARMS
-MAKING FACES AT OFFICER
PENALTIES FOR
-MAKING HIGH EXPLOSIVE INFERNAL MACHINES FOR MERCHANT SHIPS
Guess I'd better look up the approved usage in matters of this kind

(Oct. 25, 1915)

HISTORICAL SURE THINGS

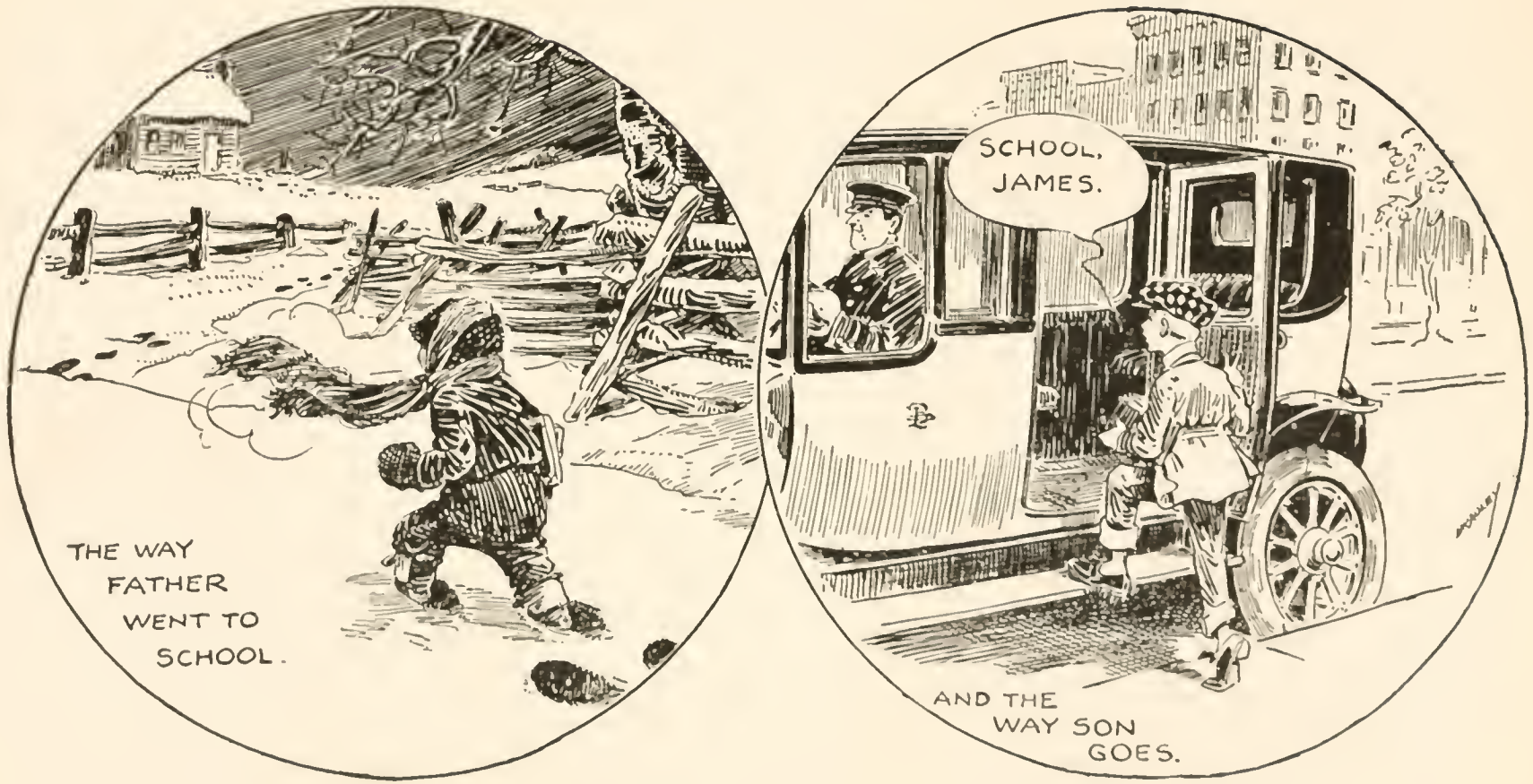
(Nov. 29, 1915)

HER IDEAL AMERICAN CITIZEN



(Jan. 15, 1916)

THE ADVANCE(?) OF CIVILIZATION



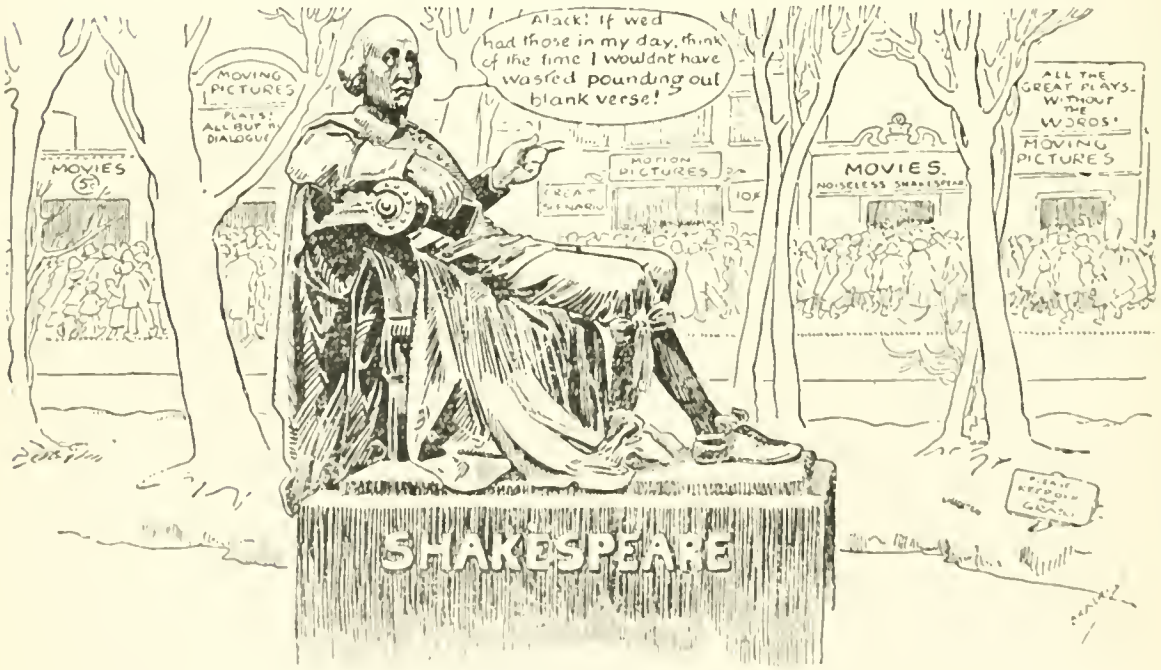
(Sept. 23, 1916)

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

No I don't want to be "smoothed up a bit" I want a CLEAN SHAVE!
USE
MILITARISM, THE GREAT BRISTLE GROWER
HAVE A
FACE MASSAGE
INCONCLUSIVE PEACE
DIPLOMACY

(Dec. 13, 1915)

A SOLILOQUY IN LINCOLN PARK


Alack! If we'd had those in my day, think of the time I wouldn't have wasted pounding out blank verse!
MOVING PICTURES
PLAYS ALL BUT IN DIALOGUE
MOVIES
MOTION PICTURES
MOVIES
NOISELESS SHAKESPEARE
ALL THE GREAT PLAYS WITHOUT THE WORDS
MOVING PICTURES
SHAKESPEARE

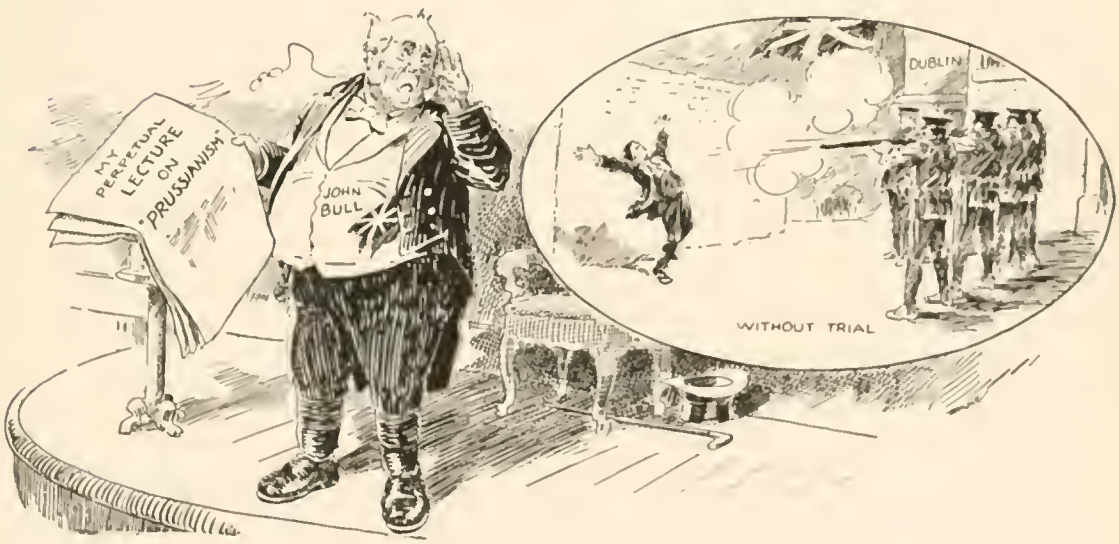
(Feb. 18, 1914)

THE OLD STONECUTTER

MEMORIAL TABLETS FOR NATIONS
EPITAPHS FURNISHED
IN MEMORY OF (name of Nation) WHO WERE NOT PREPARED FOR DEFENSE
I always have to keep a supply of these on hand
FATHER TIME

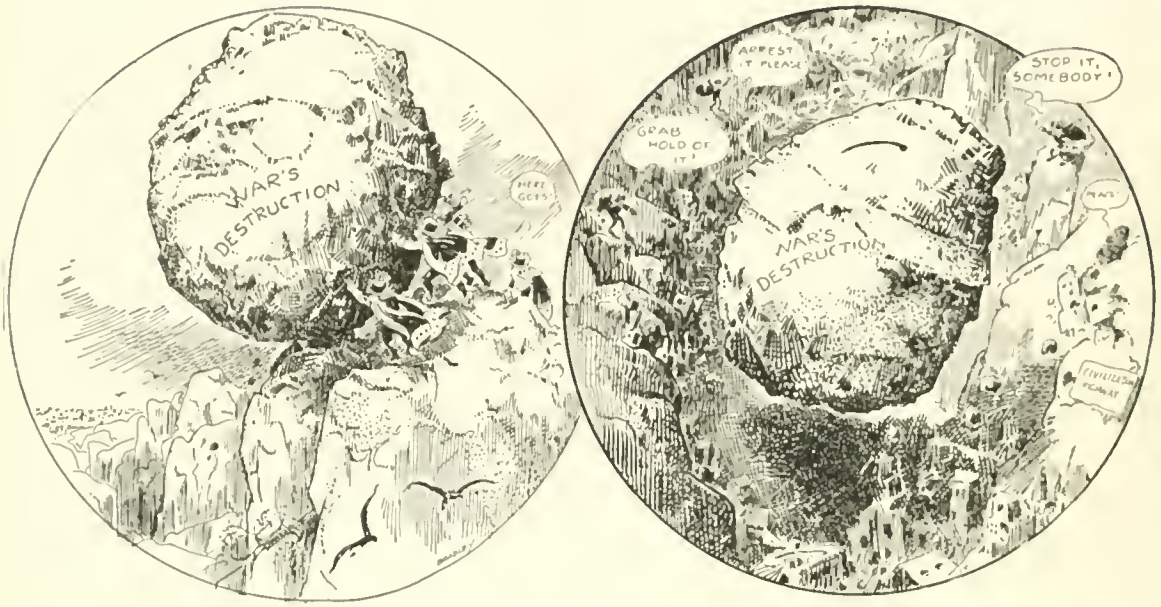
(May 8, 1916)

A MOMENTARY INTERRUPTION



(May 12, 1916)

A DISCOVERY—STARTING IT IS EASIER THAN STOPPING IT



(May 16, 1916)

IT WILL STOP ALL RIGHT—WHEN IT REACHES THE BOTTOM

(May 23, 1916)

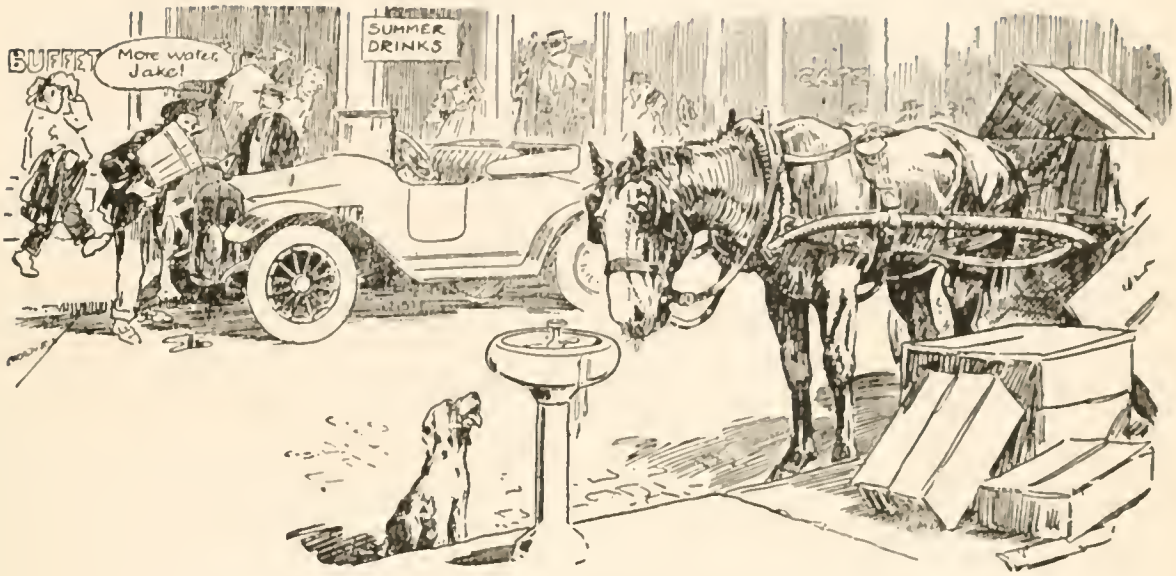
THE SEAT OF TROUBLE

(May 29, 1916)

SOME DAY—PERHAPS

(July 14, 1916)

DISCRIMINATION



(Aug. 19, 1916)

WHERE THE NEED OF COAST DEFENSES IS IMPERATIVE

(Feb. 25, 1916)

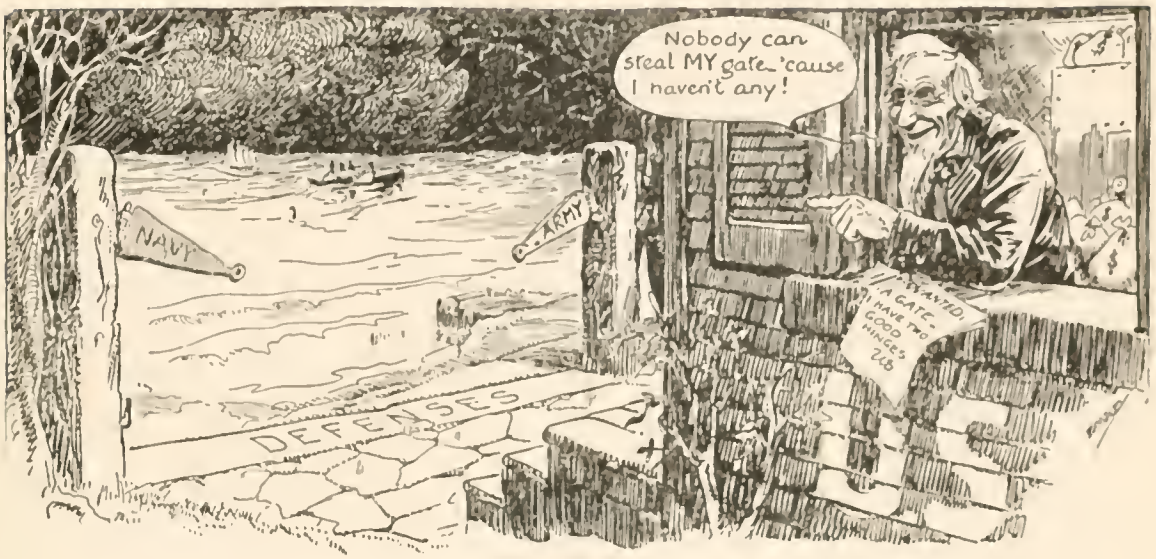
A "CLOSE UP" FOR UNCLE SAM

(Oct. 10, 1916)

HIS ROOTERS

(Oct. 23, 1916)

SAFE—FOR HALLOWEEN, ANYHOW

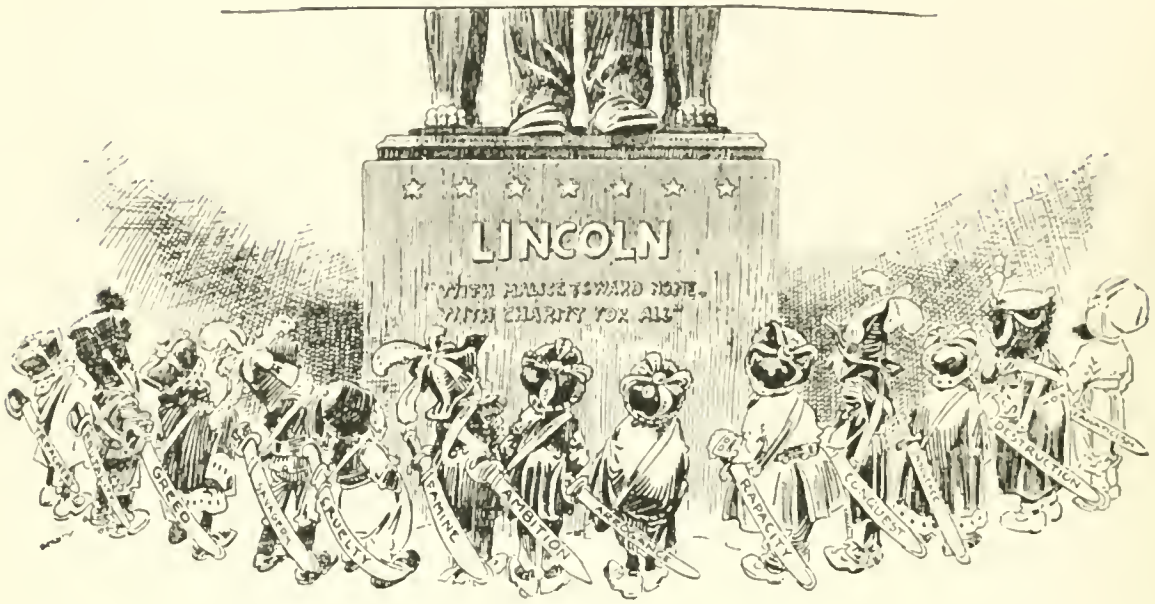


(Oct. 31, 1916)

HISTORICAL SURE THINGS

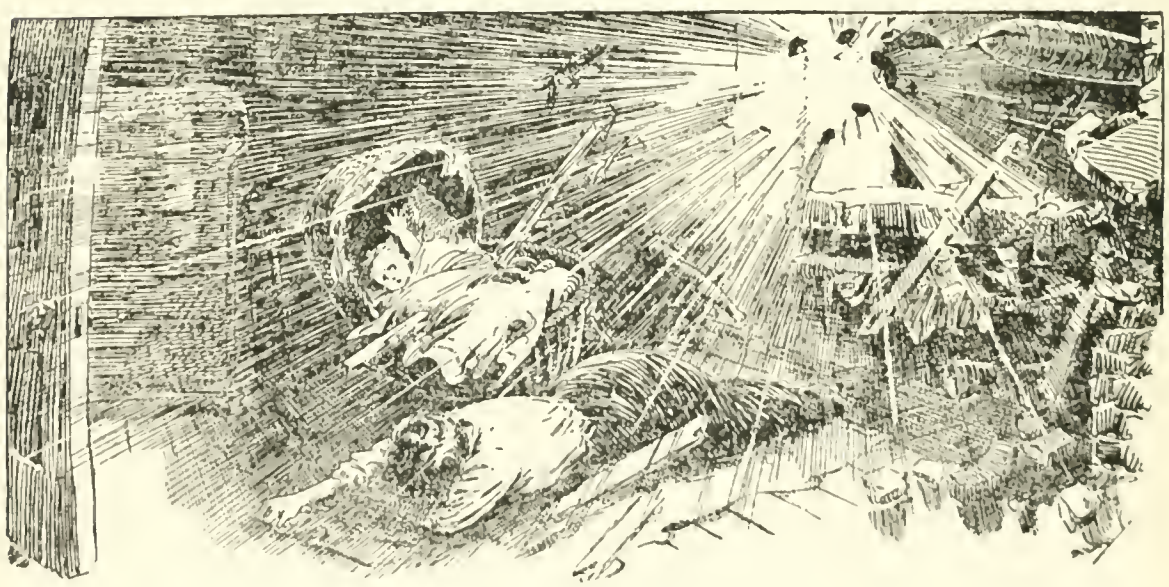
(Jan. 24, 1916)

NOWADAYS HE SEEMS TO LOOM LARGER THAN EVER



(Feb. 12, 1916)

THE CRADLE SONG



(Feb. 4, 1916)

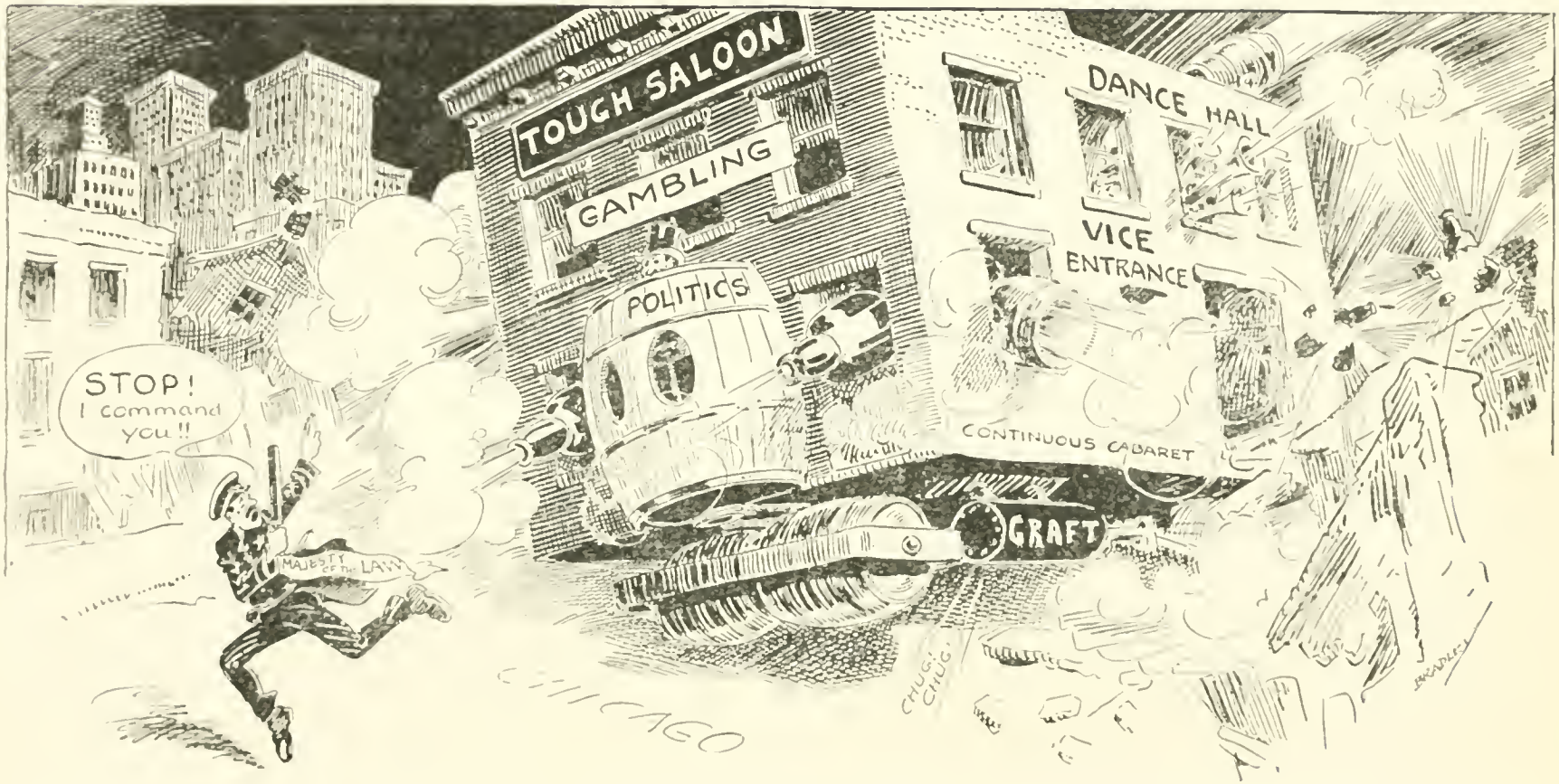
NOW IF VILLA WERE NOT SO UNCIVILIZED

(April 12, 1916)

TIRED OF HIS PERCH

(March 10, 1916)

NOT ALL THE "TANKS" ARE IN EUROPE

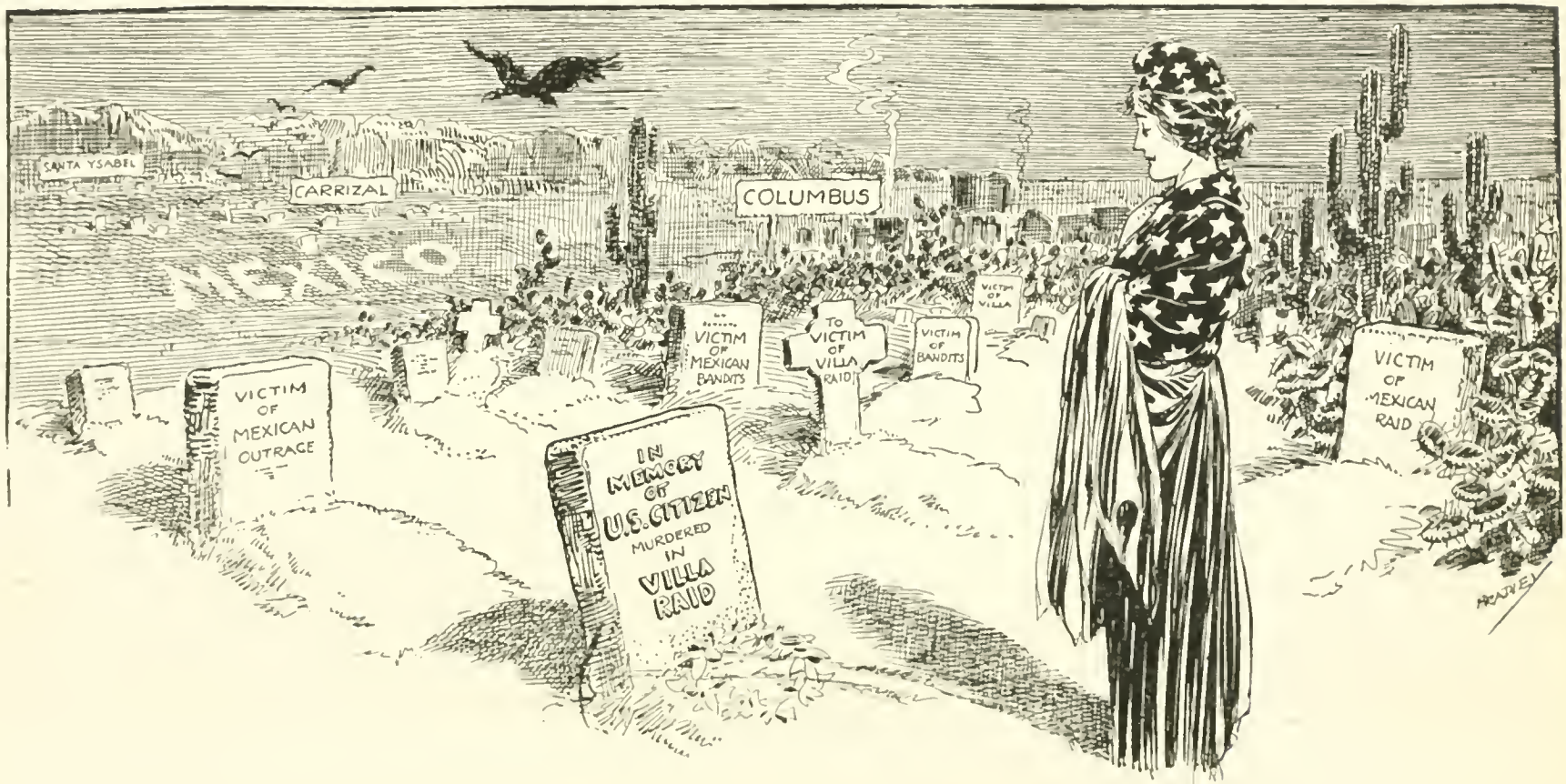


(Oct. 18, 1916)

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

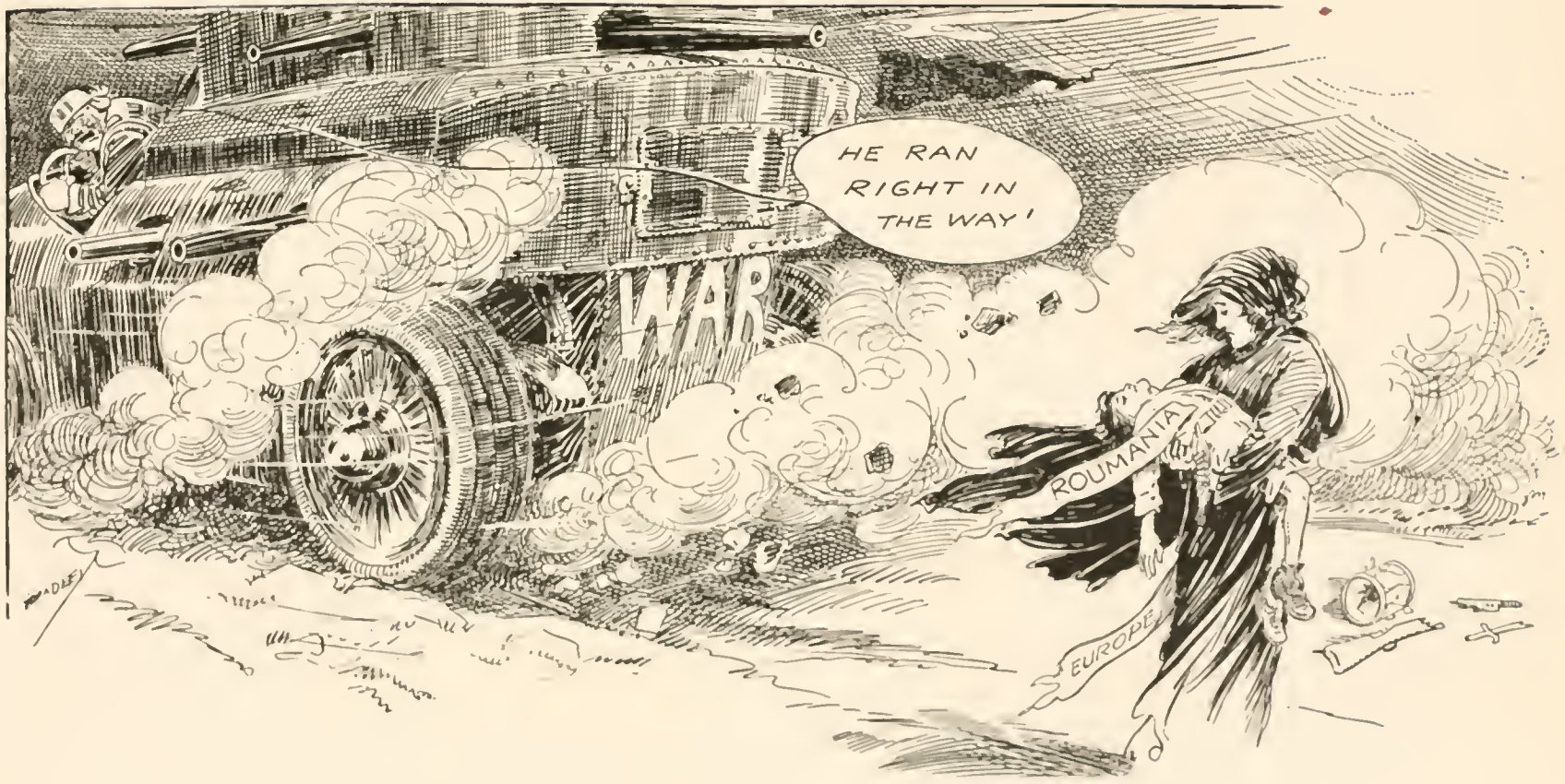
(Oct. 20, 1916)

THE SILENT VOTE



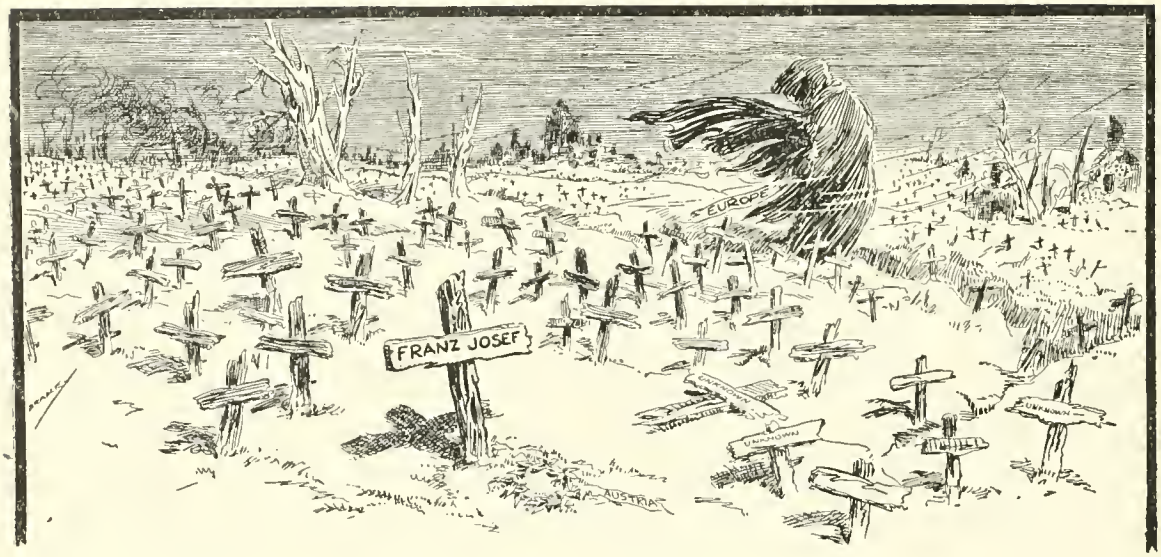
(Nov. 4, 1916)

JUST ANOTHER LITTLE FELLOW



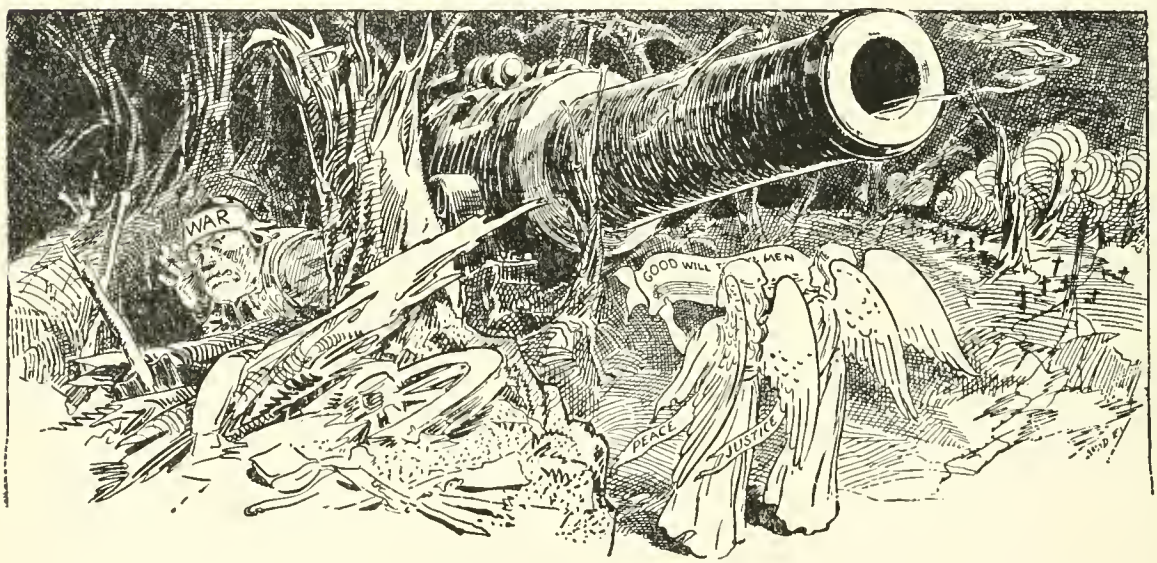
(Nov. 28, 1916)

JUST ONE MORE



(Nov. 23, 1916)

THE WAITS



(Nov. 29, 1916)

A VOICE FOR HUMANITY

(Dec. 14, 1916)

WON'T THEY FEEL FOOLISH?

(Dec. 19, 1916)

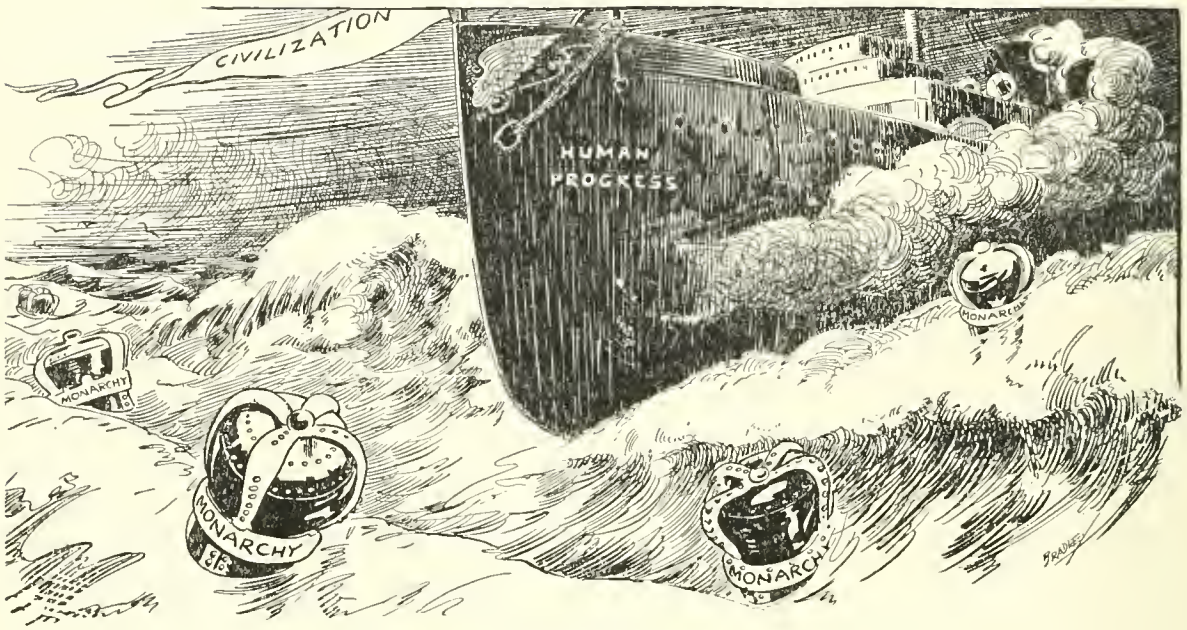
EASTER LILIES

(April 22, 1916)

SHE MUST WAIT FOR HELP

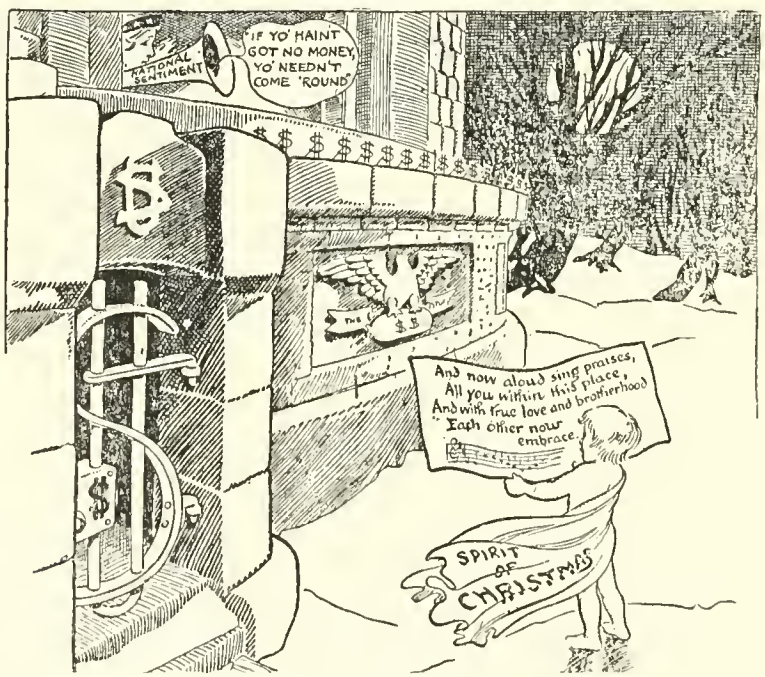
(Dec. 20, 1916)

MINES THAT MENACE



(August 29, 1914)

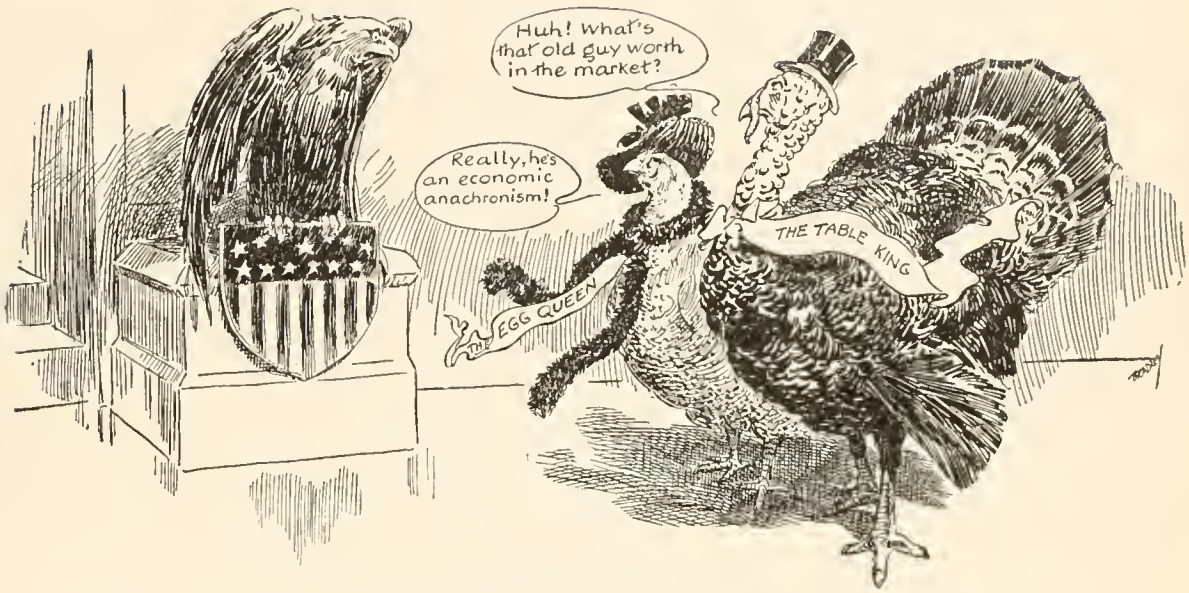
SHUT OFF THE PHONOGRAPH A FEW MINUTES


NATIONAL SENTIMENT
"IF YO' HAINT GOT NO MONEY, YO' NEEDN'T COME 'ROUND"
And now aloud sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

And Give the Little Fellow a Chance

(Dec. 24, 1906)

CLAIMANTS FOR THE THRONE



(Nov. 27, 1916)

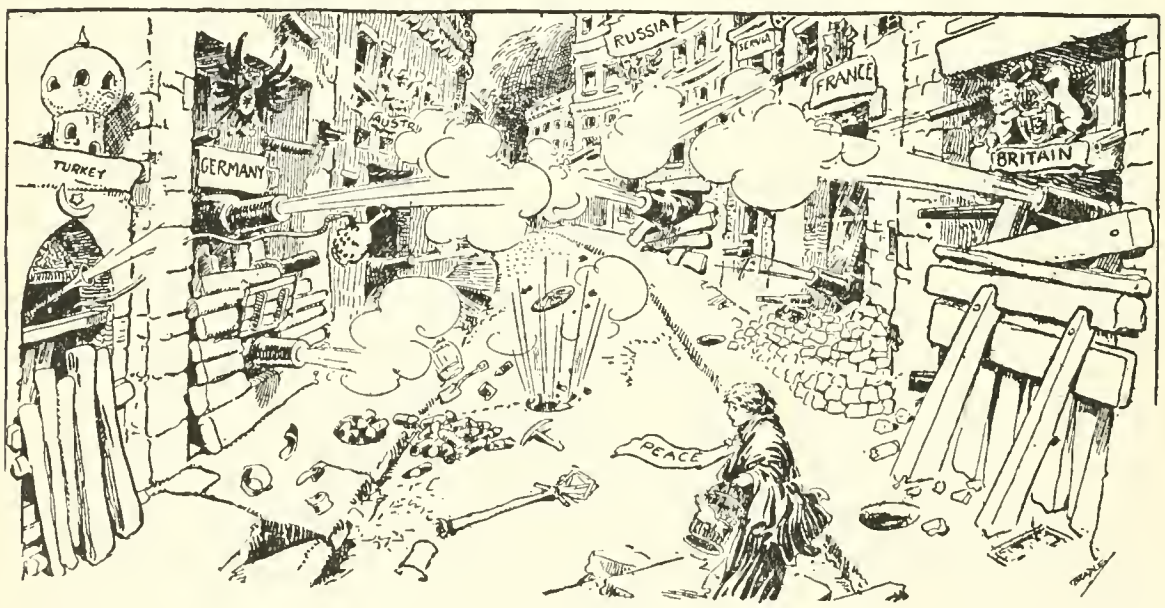
WHAT CAN HE DO BUT TAKE IT IN?

(Aug. 18, 1915)

AS TO THE CUSTODY OF THE WAIF

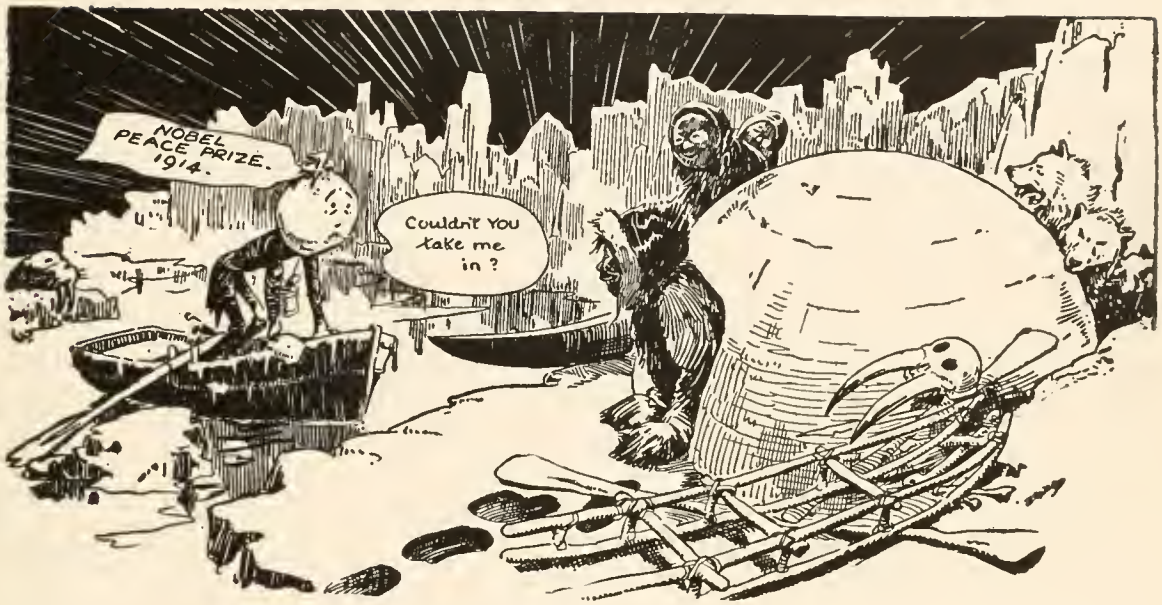
(Dec. 30, 1916)

SPRING IN EUROPE—THE FLAT HUNTER



(March 23, 1915)

LOOKING FOR A RESTING PLACE



(August 19, 1914)

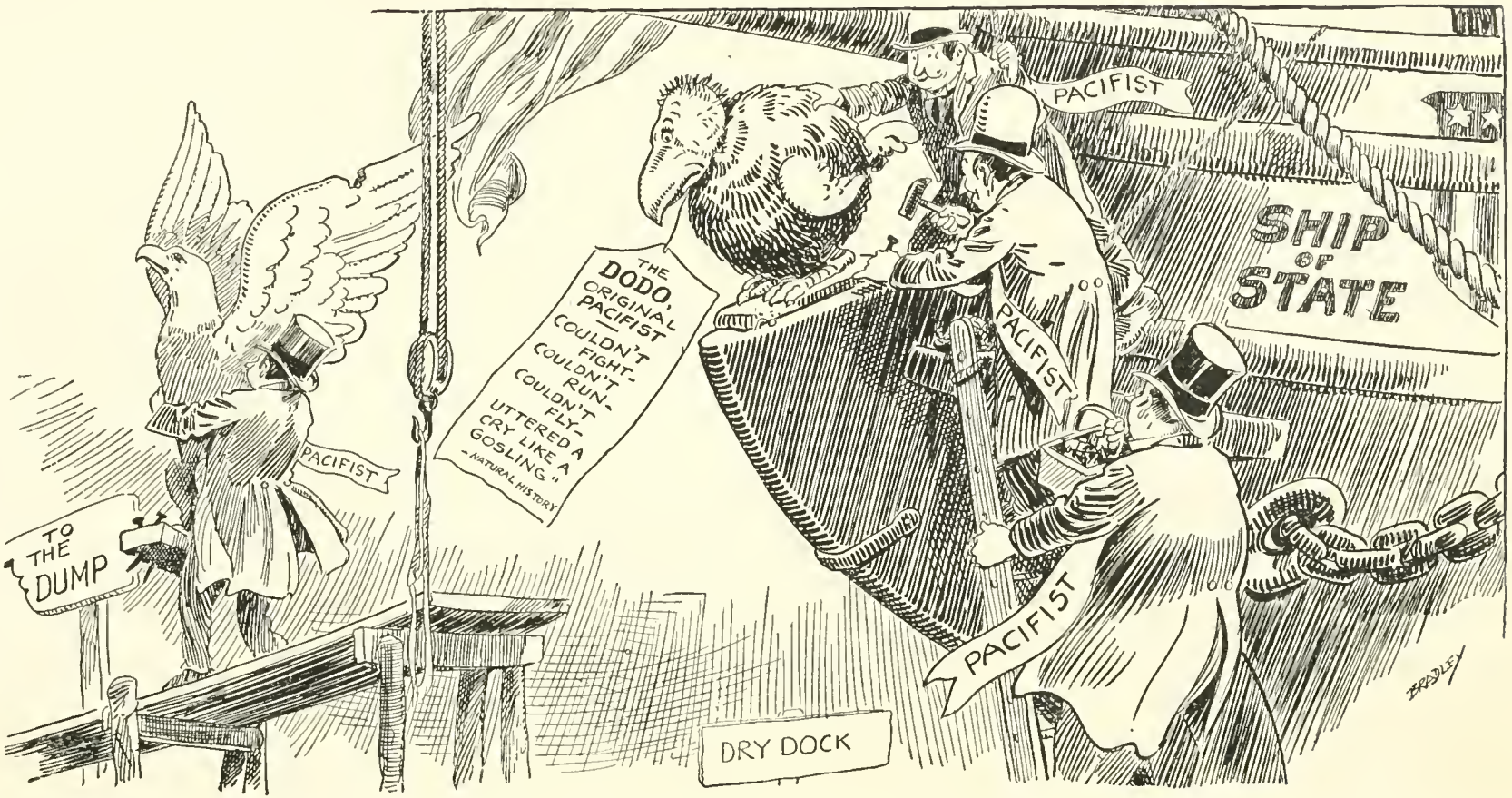
CONSIDERATION FOR A SMALL NATION

(October 13, 1916)

THE CHIMES

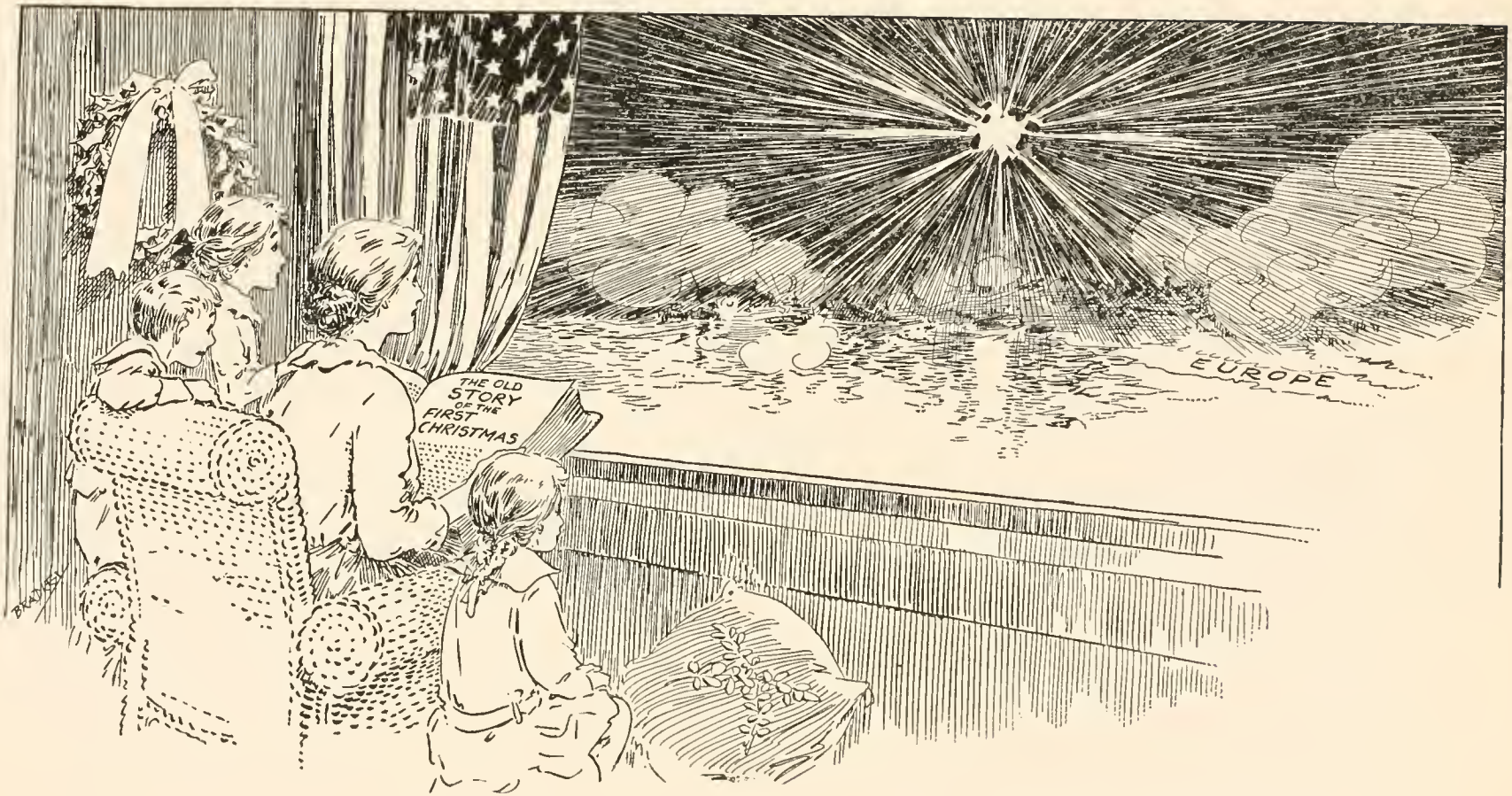
(August 13, 1914)

PERHAPS THEY WOULD LIKE IT FOR A FIGUREHEAD?


PACIFIST
SHIP OF STATE
THE DODO, ORIGINAL PACIFIST — COULDN'T FIGHT - COULDN'T RUN - COULDN'T FLY - UTTERED A CRY LIKE A GOSLING." - NATURAL HISTORY
PACIFIST
TO THE DUMP
PACIFIST
PACIFIST
DRY DOCK
BRADLEY

(April 10, 1916)

THE STAR IN THE EAST



(Dec. 17, 1914)

THE FINAL ANSWER

[LUTHER D. BRADLEY'S LAST CARTOON]

(Jan. 4, 1917)

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